

BY THE WAY



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BY THE WAY

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CHICAGO
EVENTS PUBLISHING COMPANY
1903

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MY DEAR :

“ When at the first I took my pen in hand
Thus for to write ; I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book
In such a mode ; Nay, I had undertook
To write a letter, which when almost done,
Before I was aware I this begun.

* * * But yet I did not think
To show to all the world my pen and ink
In such a mode ; I only thought to make—
I knew not what : nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my neighbor ; no not I,
I did it mine own self to gratify. ”

* * * * *

And thus it was, one bright September day,
Full suddenly I finished “ By the Way.”



BY THE WAY

EN ROUTE, May 5.



NDEED and in truth, one is rarely natural save under deep emotions. After all my resolutions and determinations, I found I was not able to part from those I love with any degree of composure. Was I not brave to keep up as well as I did, at parting from you? But I do assure you that I did not stay "up" very long, for as the cruel train pulled out, and I saw, through a mist of tears, that dear form fade from sight, I broke down, and remained "down" all the afternoon and evening. With this morning's bright sunshine and your telegram, however, I am a man (?) again.

After leaving you we ran along the shores of Lake Michigan, with the whitecaps on

the light green waves dashing upon the sands. Indiana is further advanced than the more northwestern states, and the trees with their pretty pink blossoms look quite spring-like. We are passing through orchards and orchards of peach-trees, which stand out and make the one bright spot in the landscape, for it still rains, and the car is cold.

WASHINGTON, May 6.

The first sound I heard this morning was, "Here's a message for you, miss," and straightway that porter's name goes rattling down the rocky road of history as a discerning and right-minded person. What married woman of—well—let's say thirty, to avoid argument, does not enjoy being called "Miss"? And yet she'd not feel that way if the tables were turned. But to go back to my telegram. It served as my *déjeuner à la félicité*. I sent the answer back from Baltimore, and from that moment I was happy. Who shall say that all is not Mind? Not I,

indeed, after the peace of heart that has taken possession of me since the coming of that dear message.

The view from the car window this morning differs greatly from that of yesterday, and I think I like best these great black pines standing among the light green evergreens, both sparkling with the diamond-like drops left from yesterday's rain, making the Cumberland Mountains a dream of beauty. I am wondering if I shall see anything so lovely as Washington. Each avenue in the city is white with its pavement of asphalt, and is flanked on either side with great trees. Above it all towers the dome of the capitol, and my heart throbs with patriotism and thankfulness that I am permitted to see it all before I leave my native land. It did not take long to get my letters and credentials, which entitle me to the international courtesies of the Paris Conservatoire and Trinity College in Dublin, and now I am off for Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, May 7.

Cora met me at the station and went with me to the ship, which we found at her dock at the foot of Washington Street. We made our way through the long line of people who were busy identifying their luggage or getting off to friends the ship's printed list of passengers. Cora was a great comfort and help to me. The ship was so white and clean, and I was so pleased over our nice state-room, that I forgot for a moment the big lump in my throat, but I do not comprehend why people allow those near and dear to them to come to see them off. Nothing could have kept *me* on that boat had *my* nearest and dearest been standing on the dock. Ruth and Charlotte are here at last, and Ruth has with her a little Iclander. I am sending these lines back with the pilot. I wish he were to take me instead of the letter. How I envy it!

S. S. WAESLAND, May 11.

There has been no writing on board this ship for the past four days, and very little

sleeping, and less eating. Every one is sick except Ruth, a few of the men, and myself. Those of us who were able to crawl up on deck were lashed to our steamer-chairs and the chairs were lashed to the deck.

The ride down the Delaware occupied the entire day. We passed the shipyards and Atlantic City near enough to get an idea of the life there. The pilot left at six in the evening. Every one on board rushed to the side to see the sailors lower him into his little boat, and I watched him as far as the eye could see, for he carried with him my last message to you.

We no sooner struck the breakwater than the ship began to roll and toss, and it has continued for four days without cessation, for we are following in the wake of a storm. Charlotte and the little Iclander were taken violently ill almost at once, so Ruth has the latter with her and I have Charlotte. I must say she is the most considerate person I ever heard of, who is battling with *mal de mer*, and I am as comfortable as this rolling old ocean will permit.

You asked me to tell you every little detail of life on board ship. You little know the task you set me; and right here I desire to put myself on record as begging the pardon of every writer on this subject for my unkind thoughts of them. I see now, after only five days on shipboard, why all descriptions are so unsatisfactory to those who have never experienced it.

In the first place, the word "deck" is most inadequate. One naturally thinks that a "deck" is an open space on the top of a ship, similar to that of a river steamboat. The decks are in reality nice, wide piazzas—nice, when the sea is quiet. On them the passengers congregate—when all is well with them and with the elements. I say "up on deck," when it is only "out on the veranda." It is not necessary to climb a ladder set straight up in air as we did on the St. Lawrence River packet before shooting the Lachine Rapids. Flights of easy stairs connect the various floors. These stairs are dancing continually, but one soon gets used to it if one has his "sea legs," and usually arrives safely. This

ship is similar to an oval house of several stories, with galleries or verandas running completely around each story, and any number of basements and sub-basements; but with these we have nothing to do.

As I crossed the gang-plank I landed on the saloon deck and entered the only door on that side. I found myself in a small hallway, out of which opened the ladies' saloon and the writing-rooms, and from which the stairs descend to the floor where the dining-room and most of the berths are situated. My state-room is on the top story, so I have only to step from our hallway onto the main deck.

I read the description which I have just written to the captain, and I wish you could have heard him shout. He begged me to permit his "tiger" to make a copy of it for him, and I did, but I was sorry the moment it left my hands, for I know it is most absurd, and it was intended for you only. Nevertheless, I'll venture the assertion that those who know will readily see the picture, and those who do not know will get a pretty good idea of how it looks.

MID-ATLANTIC, May 12.

Every one is out to-day, and as it is cold, the entire saloon-deck is lined with a much-wrapped, many-rugged assembly, whose chairs are fastened to the house-side of the deck, while those who have their sea-legs are marching to and fro in front of the line of chairs. The deck steward has the chairs placed for us each morning on the side free from the winds. Most of the time these past days I have been sitting in my chair looking at my feet, first with the sea and then the sky as a background.

OFF QUEENSTOWN, May 18.

Oh, blessed day! We saw land for a few moments, and I have your dear letters—two happy events. I ran away with my letters and have written answers to them which are for your eyes alone. That reminds me to say, that I think it would be better for me to write on one sheet of paper a wee bit of a letter to you, telling you a few of the many nice things I think of you, and which will



MID-ATLANTIC

interest no one but you. On another sheet I will tell of the places I see and the people I meet, and this you may send to the friends who are self-sacrificing enough to say they would like to read about this little journey of mine.

I found on this ship the usual number of wise—and otherwise—passengers, a few of whom are most interesting. Mr. and Mrs. P., of Philadelphia, who are well-known philanthropists; an Englishman, whose care and attention to an invalid wife and child forever clear his countrymen from the contumely of indifference to their families; Mrs. F. and her son; Mr. L., a noted organist; Mr. and Mrs. W., of Japan; and Mr. Elbert Hubbard, the author.

Ruth and I are seated at the table at the right and left of the dear old captain. The table is served beautifully, and the viands are delicious. We really try not to ask too many questions, but I am afraid our endeavors are a failure. Were I a captain of one of these ocean liners, I'd have something like the following hung in each state-

room, along with "How to put on this life-preserver when drowning":

First. This ship is fire-proof, water-proof, and *mal de mer* proof.

Second. We will positively land on the — day of —, or on the next day, or surely the next.

Third. The captain is (or is not) married, as the case may be. I should advise that it be written "is" in either case, to save trouble.

These American liners carry only a limited number of first-cabin passengers, with much freight, and they are slow, taking usually nine days for the ocean voyage, which, together with the day down the Delaware, another up the channel, and the delay caused by the storm, will keep us on board thirteen days. It is because of the slow speed and the limited number of passengers that this line is patronized by such a delightful class of people, who go chiefly for the rest obtained on the sea.

ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL, May 19.

"Floating around in my ink-pot" are many things which I intend to tell you some fine day, but not now, with the unsteady condition of this writing-table. Just a word to-day about my fellow-travelers. No one seemed to know Mr. Elbert Hubbard, neither did he appear eager for acquaintances. I met him in the most natural manner. Some one asked me to read at the sacred concert on Sunday evening. While I was reading I noticed an earnest, dark-eyed man listening attentively. After the service of song was ended he came at once to the young clergyman who conducted the service and asked to be presented. He has a calm, quiet atmosphere, and resembles a courteous gentleman of the old school. Fortunately I knew the "Little Journeys" and Thomas Mosher's "Bibelot," which proved an open sesame.

He talks well upon every subject, is a charming listener, is modest and retiring, and devoted to the young son, who is his constant companion. He reads or writes

almost continually, and talks to few save the ship's surgeon, who is "bookish."

Mrs. F., of Boston, is another interesting passenger, who reminds me of the Arabian proverb: "He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; shun him. He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple; teach him. He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep; wake him. He who knows, and knows that he knows, is wise; follow him."

Mrs. F. is one whom I should be willing to follow. She has with her an invalid son, who looks older than she. She and their servants seem to vie one with another to bring comfort to the invalid. They did not appear on deck for many days, and kept entirely to themselves. The mother came up one of those days when I was alone on the deck. Joe, our deck steward, placed us in Ruth's two chairs, one of which she had just vacated, while he and the lady's servant fetched our chairs. When the chairs appeared they were identical, and with the same initials on them. Joe knew mine

well, and the lady's servant knew hers. As the chairs were brought neither of us spoke, but our eyes met and we laughed.

After a few moments, "I wonder," said she, "if they are spelled the same, too." "I doubt it," I replied. That was all. The servants stared in wonder and left. She smiles and bows each time we meet, and I must confess I'd like to know her name. On the sailing list it is given as Mrs. Wilburn Godfrey F. and maid. Mr. W. G. F., Jr., and servant. Shall I ever know how her given name *is* spelled?

We missed the tide, so the boat will not be able to land us at the dock, but, instead, we shall be compelled to go in on a tender, which is approaching in the distance.

England

“Oh! to be in England—

Now that April's there!

Whoever wakes in England sees some morning,
unaware,

That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf;

While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!”

ROBERT BROWNING.

ENGLAND

LIVERPOOL.

We landed at eleven o'clock and I went immediately and sent a cable to you. In paying for it, my first money transaction in England, I was given too little change, which stamps me as fresh from America and not up in shillings, pence, and ha'pennies. The contents of our letters made it necessary to change some of our plans. Charlotte is not able to go to France, and instead goes direct to her sister in London; the little Iclander is off for Norway; and a telegram to Ruth from Lady Henry Somerset, compelling her to go north for a few days, will separate us for that length of time. Ruth begs me to accompany her, but I have promised to be in Paris before Adelaide leaves there, so this merry family of ours separates to meet—(?)

You are a very satisfactory sort of correspondent, for you bid me tell how one should go to London from Liverpool, what to see,

and the little details not known to the stranger, not forgetting the necessary expenses. Ruth has been here many times, and knows every spot of interest, and she has mapped out a route for me to take until she can join me.

After going through the "Customs," which, by the way, is easier in European countries than in America, we started at once for London, via the Great Western railway. Speaking of the "Customs," they have sort of aisles, in which the trunks are arranged, and one is not allowed to enter until all is ready. Hanging in conspicuous places are the letters of the alphabet, and a man at the door asks your name, and you are directed to the proper aisle. The officer first looks you over, then asks: "Have you any spirits" (not ghosts, but liquors), "cigars, or English copyrighted books?" I answered "No," of course, and the blue chalk mark was placed on my luggage without further question, and a splendid-looking porter was called to carry it to my carriage. The woman behind me, too, said

“No,” just as I did, but she, it seems, had a dear man all her own, and the officer said, “I will have to trouble you to open the trunks for me.” Apparently the customs officers have a way of finding out things, and I wish you could have seen the contents of those trunks! There were bottles and bottles, and cigars and tobaccos—everything but books. That was the first time I was sorry my name began with “F,” for had it been otherwise I should have been spared the sight of the discomfort of that poor woman. As I was leaving, the second officer said to her, “Please call your husband, madam.” Now, how do you suppose they knew she had a husband with her?

After the others had left, Mr. and Mrs. W., into whose care Ruth had placed me, and I went up town, where I bought a little souvenir of my first day in England, and sent it off to you.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! That ocean seems, somehow, awfully wide with you on the other side.

CHESTER.

We purchased in Liverpool an "American tourists' stop-over ticket" for 16/6, which, being interpreted, signifies sixteen shillings and sixpence, or slightly over four dollars, over what is known as the "Garden route." We are at "The Blossoms," an inn over four hundred years old. We have been to Harwarden castle, the beautiful home of the late Mr. Gladstone. It is in Wales, but five miles from here. On our return we visited Eaton Hall, the magnificent "place" of the Duke of Westminster. Chester is one of the oldest towns in England, and some of the old Roman wall, built over one thousand years ago, is yet standing. The "Old Rows," two-story shops, with some above and some below the sidewalk, are quaint. The beautiful drive is called the "Roodee," a contraction of the French word "rue," and the River Dee, on the banks of which the old town is situated. Here is a cathedral which presents every style of English mediæval architecture, from the early Norman to the last perpendicular.

I count this a remarkable day. I have seen my first English cathedral, my first English estate, and have stood, for the first time, in the cloisters of an abbey.

LEAMINGTON.

We arrived here at "ten to five" last evening. The people of the Manor House were expecting us, as we had written from Chester. We chose this inn from our guide-book, and because it had a garden. I have learned that, in England, when in doubt about an inn, "lead" with a garden, and you will rarely make a mistake.

This has been a damp journey so far. The rain began in Chicago, and has kept pace with me all the way, and is still by me. Notwithstanding, we strolled, after tea, over the little spa and a good five miles of beautiful meadow to Guy's Cliff, the handsome country-seat of Lord Percy, and back in time for eight o'clock table d'hôte. The number of times these English cousins of ours eat is remarkable. They breakfast anywhere from

8 to 11, lunch from 12 to 4, have tea always at 5, and dinner from 8 to 11 at night.

This morning, at eight, dressed in our short walking-skirts and heavy boots, with every warm garment we possess under our jackets, we started for Warwick. It was bitterly cold—but—did you ever see a castle? I have! To-day! Imagine me standing outside the castle wall, gazing up in silent awe. This wall is one hundred and twenty-five feet high and ten feet thick, built around a square of two miles, the gray walls of the castle itself forming one side of the square. I wonder if other people are moved to tears by grandeur in nature or in art? Do you recall how the tears would come the day I caught my first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean from Mt. Lowe? So to-day, while others were “ohing” and “ahing,” I was dumb with joy; and if I have said once, I have said a hundred times, “If you were only here to enjoy it with me!”

As we left the embattled gateway we passed through a road deeply cut out of the solid rock, the walls of which were covered with

vines. A sudden turn brought us abruptly into the vast open court, and there burst upon our vision a fortress, mighty and magnificent, and this was Warwick Castle! No matter how many embattled castles you see, the one seen first will be stamped forever upon your memory, and I hope it will be beautiful Warwick. We were shown through the state apartments, but they were as nothing compared with my first glimpse of the massive fortress of the feudal barons of Warwick—the old king-makers. After dinner we drove to Kenilworth and viewed the stately ruins by moonlight.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The sun shone to-day, and it was a welcome sight. We came here to rest over the Sabbath. We have wandered over the simple old town to all the haunts of the poet. We met Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians—all doing him honor. As we walked "Across the field to Ann" in the twilight, I recalled Dr. Richard Burton's beautiful poem of that title.

I find that one can get her linen washed quickly, cheaply, and well in all parts of England. You give your soiled clothes, with a thru'pence, to your maid at night, and you will find them at your door, along with your shoes, in the morning—shoes and all having been thoroughly washed.

OXFORD.

Thackeray was certainly right when he said of Oxford, "It is a delight to enter, but despair to leave." Should you ask me to tell you candidly how long one should remain in Oxford in order to see it perfectly, I should reply, "A lifetime." It is charming. Of course the college buildings, with their quads and cloisters, the churches, the Sheldonian theater, and Bodleian library, are all teeming with historic interest, but it is the beauty of the outdoor part of Oxford—of all England, in fact—that most appeals to me. Well may this be called the "garden route," for all nature is alive with flowers and foliage, with green of all shades, and odors sweeter than

honey. Everything here is freely accessible to the visitor. No wonder the English women are good walkers. One cannot see the beauties of these glorious gardens, both public and private, unless one walks miles, as I have this day.

WHITE HART INN,
WINDSOR.

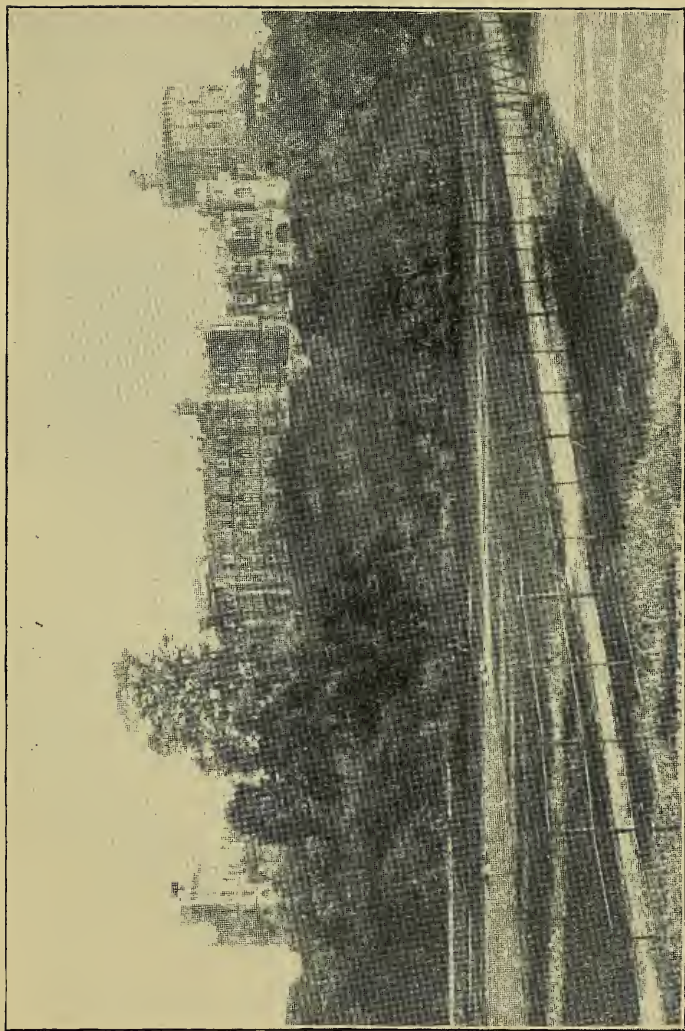
I have been repaid a thousand-fold for that awful ocean voyage. The massive walls of Windsor Castle are just outside my window, and as I write, I count ten guards abreast upon them. It is the Queen's birthday, "God bless her!"

I was up with the lark and entered the embattled gateway as soon as it was open to visitors. The terraces, the grand parterre, the royal stables, St. George's Chapel, where the royal marriages are celebrated, the State Apartments, the Round Tower, and Albert Memorial Chapel—all, all are beyond my power of description. It was with difficulty that I tore myself away, bade

good by to Mr. and Mrs. W., caught the train for Paddington Station, reached London in time to take a cab to Guilford Street, where I found your blessed letters; back to Charing Cross Station, paid thirty-eight shillings for my "booking," twelve for extra luggage, two for storage (I haven't seen my trunks since I left Liverpool), and away I went to Folkestone by the sea, where I was to meet Mrs. C. and go on to Paris.

While crossing the Channel, which, as usual, was very rough, Mrs. C. gave me a "sure cure" for *mal de mer*. She took hers—I held mine in my hand—and soon she was helped below. I came nearer succumbing than ever I did on the ocean voyage. I had my English gold changed into French silver. I have barely learned shillings and pence, and now francs and centimes must be mastered. The French money is easier to learn, however, as it is a decimal system, similar to our own.

On our arrival at Boulogne I actually assisted a fellow-traveler in ordering his dinner in French. On the train to Paris



WINDSOR CASTLE

Mrs. C. and I had a compartment to ourselves. When one has a compartment alone in these foreign trains, one can lie at full length and rest. We reached Paris too late to go through the Duane (customs), but our hand luggage had been examined at Boulogne-sur-Mer, so we went at once to the Hotel Britannique on Rue Victoria. I climbed to the fifth floor, too tired to mind the stairs, bewildered at the day's doings.

Now, wouldn't you call this a glorious day—Windsor Castle, London, and Paris—all for the first time, and all within the space of twenty-four hours?

30 RUE DE LA BIENFAISANCE,
PARIS.



MUST tell you what a joy you are! You have contented yourself with the daily post-card and the bi-weekly *billet doux*, which have been *plus doux que long*, I fear, but without the usual weekly budget; and yet here you are willing to forego it for another week that I may help Mary. This will go to you first, however, and will be but a little later reaching her.

We have been going so fast that the mental has refused to perform its functions when the physical was so fatigued. I think it wise to rest a bit and endeavor to digest the knowledge gained in travel before writing of it. As I look back over what I have seen in the last few weeks, both in art and nature, I realize the truth of a little thing I once read, taken from a letter by a well-known writer of short stories to Mr. William Dean Howells. She said that we must have some atmosphere, some distance, between ourselves

and our theme in order to get perspective, whether one be painter or writer. So I feel sure this budget will lose nothing by the waiting before I tell you what I have picked up by the way in La Belle Paris.

If you can come but once, Mary dear, do not come in July or August, the tourist season. Paris is a dream of beauty at all seasons, but the charm of any city is obscured when crowded as Paris is during those months. Come in May. Do you not remember what Victor Hugo said in "Le Proscrit?"

"Le mois de mai sans la France,
Ce n'est pas le mois de mai."

One of the first things we did on our arrival in Paris was to register at the office of the New York Herald, on the Avenue de l'Opéra. Our American friends could then find us. We did another wise thing in choosing from among our numerous addresses a pension downtown. It saved us time, strength, and money. It is not one of those pensions Longfellow used to tell about, which had inscribed on the front of it, "Ici

on donne à boire et à manger; on loge à pied et à cheval"; literally, "Here we give to drink and eat; we lodge on foot and on horseback." Our pension only "give to eat and lodge on foot." There is more prose than poetry about the non-drinking part, for seldom can one get a good cup of coffee anywhere, I find. The chocolate and tea are perfect, however, and the little crescent-shaped roll and the fresh, unsalted butter are delicious.

We are on the Rue de la Bienfaisance, just off the Boulevard Haussmann, not far from the beautiful little Église Saint Augustin, where most of the weddings of the Paris "four hundred" are celebrated, and a few steps from the Gare Saint Lazare, where we take our bus. Madame Dedébat, our hostess, is most charming, and she sets the best table we have found. We call each morning for our delightful English friends. They live in the Rue des Pyramides, near where it runs into the Rue de Rivoli, where stands the beautiful bronze statue of Jeanne d'Arc.

The Louvre Palais, which contains the Musée, and the Tuileries are just across the street, with the Place de la Concorde a little farther up; the Grand Opéra is but a few squares away, with the American Express office near it, and the Church of the Madeleine hard by.

The Place de la Concorde is an immense square with mammoth pieces of sculpture at each corner, representing the provinces taken from the Germans. One of these was recaptured by the Germans, but instead of marring the beautiful "place" by tearing down the statue, it is draped with crêpe and wreaths of flowers. In the center of the square is the obelisk, with fountains playing about it.

The roads are as white as snow, both through and around the Place. It is framed in green by the Tuileries, the Champs Elysées, and the banks of the Seine. There is a view one gets right here which cannot, perhaps, be excelled in all the world. If you stand at the court of the Louvre, in the open space where the Arc de Carrousel meets the

Louvre Palais, and look through the arch, the eye catches at once the green of the Tuileries garden and its trees, the dazzling brightness of its marbles, the sparkling of its fountains, the obelisk, and far on through the Champs Elysées, the Arc de Triomphe, which makes a fitting finish for this most glorious vista.

I am at loss to tell you just what to do with only a week in this little world, but let nothing deter you from coming. I would rather have come for one day than never to have seen it at all. With a month on your hands, and an inclination in your heart, you can do wonders in this the most fascinating city on the globe. Were one to be here but a short time, a drive over the city should occupy the first day. Parties are sent out every day, with guides who know the best routes, and it is not a bad idea to join one of them. Do not, however, go with a party to see interiors or the works of art, for one is so hurried that one scarcely knows what has been seen.

As an illustration: Two young girls stopping at our pension joined one of these

parties going to Versailles the same day that Ruth and I went. We had seats on top of the steam tram which leaves every hour from the foot of the Place de la Concorde bridge. We spent the entire day there, and came away after dark feeling that we had had the merest peep at the parks and gardens, vast with miles of marble terraces, miles of lime-tree bowers, fountains of gold, of silver, and of bronze, green of all shades, flowers of all colors, staircases of onyx, paintings, sculptures and relics of untold value. We walked miles and had been driven tens of miles through the parks and gardens of the Grand and Petit Trianon. We had stood by the most stupendous series of fountains the world has ever known. And we crawled home weary, but happy at heart for all this beauty, to find that our poor little friends had been there but two hours—that they had galloped from place to place, catching but little if anything of the foreign names pronounced so differently from the way we are taught. Versailles is one of the places where there are official guides, and it pays to hire one by the hour.

Of the museums, see the Luxembourg first, because while the gardens are beautiful, they are not so well kept nor to be compared with those of the Louvre or Versailles. The works of art are placed in the Luxembourg gallery during the lifetime of an artist, if his works merit that honor; if his fame lives for ten years after his death, they are transferred to the Louvre. Hence it is in the Luxembourg one will find the best works of living artists. There hangs the painting by Maria Bashkirtseff. It was admitted to the salon in 1884, and hung in the Luxembourg in 1886, and still remains there.

The Louvre Musée is a vast collection of classified art, and occupies the palace of that name, any room of which will repay one.

Just wander about alone until some work of art compels you to stop before it; then look at your Baedeker and see if it is something noted. It tickles one's vanity to find one has selected a masterpiece without having it pointed out. Speaking of guide-books, Baedeker is by far the best, and rarely fails

one excepting in galleries where it is impossible to keep an accurate list of the works of art on account of their being moved from room to room, or of their being loaned to some world's exposition.



JEWEL ROOM, THE LOUVRE

In the Louvre are many of the masterpieces, pictures which every boy or girl knows, as Murillo's Immaculate Conception. Other well-known masterpieces of Titian, Raphael, Van Dyke, Rembrandt, Rubens and Fra Angelico make one agree with Marie Corelli, that the old masters took their secret of colors to the grave with them. I offended my Eng-

lish friends by admitting that I did not like Dickens, and now I'm afraid I'll shock my Holland friends by not liking Rubens; but his best works are still in Holland, and I have not seen them. One should get catalogues of both the Louvre and Luxembourg galleries. They are worth the small fortune they cost.

If you can make time, see Cluny, Guimet, the Musée des Religions, the Musée Gustave Moreau, the Musée Cernuski, almost wholly Oriental, and—well, all Paris.

The Louvre shop is across the street from the Louvre Musée, and it, together with the Bon Marché and Printemps, form a trio of wonders in the commercial world of Paris which it is well not to miss seeing, but buy your rare and dainty things at the little shops dealing exclusively in one article.

The best manner to see the Bois de Boulogne, for one whose time is limited, is to take a boat on the Seine at the Pont Royal, stopping at St. Cloud (San Clu) and Sèvres, and, after an hour of exquisite rest amid the dreamland on either side, disembark at Suresnes (Sur-ren), cross the bridge, and walk

back to Paris through the forest. We took the earliest morning boat. It chanced to be the day of the Bataille des fleurs (Battle of flowers). Some time was spent viewing this



STAIRCASE, GRAND OPERA

beautiful scene; we stopped frequently at little cafés for tea or rest, and six o'clock found us at the Arc de Triomphe hailing a cab to take us home. It was fatiguing, but in no other way could we have seen so well

the splendid woods nor the glimpses of family life among the *bon bourgeois*.

The day you go to the Bon Marché walk down to Notre Dame, cross the Pont d'Arcole, and that brings you right into the gardens of the Hôtel de Ville, which is beyond all doubt the most magnificent palace of justice in the world. Its decorations rival those of the Louvre. The entrance, the galleries, the ball-room, and the banquet-hall are splendid beyond description. The ceiling decorations are all by noted artists and represent some type of Plenty, Music, or Love. It is marvelous, the art these French have put into their architecture.

The crowning delight, that of a visit to the tomb of Napoleon, awaits your week's end. The tomb is in the crypt under the dome des Invalides, a home for old soldiers, and is reached by walking through the gardens and long, cloister-like passages of the Invalides. As I entered my eyes fell on an immense altar, through the amber windows of which a flood of golden light poured on a colossal cross, lighting the face of the bronze figure of

Christ nailed to it, making a most dramatic picture. This figure was cast from one of Napoleon's cannons. The tomb itself is a large marble basin, over the edge of which you look down onto the sarcophagus cut out of a huge block of reddish brown granite. It stands on a mosaic pavement, in the form of a laurel wreath, and around the walls are twelve colossal statues representing the twelve victories.

30 RUE DE LA BIENFAISANCE,
PARIS.

"I wish I had been born either rich or a hod-carrier!" The very idea of a woman of my parts counting centimes! Instead of telling my friends how to come on the least money, I'd rather say, go hide somewhere until you have millions to buy the dainty confections with which Paris abounds. It gives me heart-aches to look and smile and reach for—then stop and sigh and count the aforesaid centimes. From this you have, perhaps, surmised that we have been going

over the pros and cons of shopping—principally the cons.

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How foolish of me to tell any one not to come to dear, mad, wild, glorious Paris! Why, I'd come, if only to remain a day, and have nothing to eat for a year thereafter.

Last night when I wrote I was "way back at the end of the procession," but this morning I am "right up behind the band." And the reason? Never ask a woman sojourning on foreign shores for a *motif*. There is but one, that, far from those she loves, makes or mars the pleasure of being — brings the sunshine or the cloud—regulates the pulse-beats of her very existence—and that is—A LETTER!

I have not told you. For some days I have had no word, hence my lowly position of yesterday. But on this bright, beautiful morning, I found on my breakfast-tray a packet of many-stamped, much-crossed, and often-forwarded letters. And now, although it is raining in torrents, and the coffee is—not coffee—I can see only golden words, and

those through rose-tinted glasses. "Ah, what care I how bad the weather?"—I am so happy that I have already forgiven those who have not been constant, or who failed "to remember."

Alice is here, the guest of friends at their country house at Fontainebleau. The day she was our hostess she met us at the station, and we were driven through a long lane of lime-trees to the château of Fontainebleau.

No other palace has aroused so keen an interest as has the interior of this noble old mediæval fortress. In this palace are tapestries of rare worth and weave, jardinières in cloisonné, bas-reliefs in jasper, masterpieces of marquetry, and priceless bric-à-brac, found nowhere else in such lavish profusion.

Alice's hostess sent her servants with a dainty luncheon, which they served for us on the marble steps leading from l'Étang des Carpes to the water's edge. The afternoon and early hours of the evening were spent in driving through the forest.

The forest of Fontainebleau embraces over

fifty square miles, and its magnificent timber and picturesque splendor is not surpassed in all France.

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Adelaide is not coming to Paris at present. She is still studying in Vienna, and winning



FONTAINEBLEAU

hearts and laurels by the score. She will leave soon for the land of the midnight sun, and I shall expect some glowing accounts of that northland.

We were guests at the Ambassador's reception yesterday. The house, just off the Champs Elysées, is furnished with elegance and taste. General and Mrs. Porter received alone. She was gowned in a black and white foulard, into which lace was set, out-

lined with narrow black velvet ribbon. The gowns worn by both the French and American women were, many of them, gorgeous, all of them graceful and fetching, and most of them airy creations of lace. Lace is the prominent factor in gowns here.

Refreshments were served from a buffet table set in one of the drawing-rooms, and gentlemen, instead of ladies, assisted the hostess about the rooms.

PARIS.

You are a wise woman in your generation, Olive dear, for upon what you read before going, depends largely what you will comprehensively absorb during a stay in any foreign country.

The Women's Rest Tour Association of Boston issues a little book—A Summer in England—in which is found, besides some excellent advice, an exhaustive bibliography. In addition to those you mention as having read, I would suggest Mr. Henry James's "Little Tour in France." One should not

travel in rural France without knowing it. F. Berkeley Smith's "The Real Latin Quarter" has much of the naïve charm that characterizes his father's writings, and gives one an insight to that fascinating part of Paris rarely found in books.

Few books have been so helpful to me as Esther Singleton's "Turrets, Towers, and Temples" and her "Great Pictures Described by Great Writers." The names tell you what a wealth of information they must contain—information which every traveler should possess. You must not think of seeing Germany without knowing Mr. Howell's "Their Silver Wedding Journey," and "One Year Abroad," by the author of that delightful story, "One Summer."

Brander Matthew's clever "Americanisms and Briticisms" abounds in funny but valuable information. Katherine DeForest's "Paris as It Is" tells of many out-of-the-common places, and Kate Douglas Wiggin's English, Scotch, and Irish "Experiences," and "Cathedral Courtship," present the fascination of fiction blended with reality.

For out-of-the-way parts of the world I can recommend Grace Greenlee's "As We were Journeying." I have met the young author, and find that the information contained in her book is authentic.

Buy a Baedeker for each country, and Hutton's "Literary Landmarks" for each city. Study them, eat with them, sleep with them, walk, talk, pray with and swear by them.

You will be glad to know that the Book-lover's Library has crossed the water. One may now get books in New York, read them on shipboard, and have them exchanged at her hotel in London or Paris without any further trouble than the writing of a post-card.

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I am reminded every day that the world is small; not by the dear old world itself, for it seems mighty big to-night, as the distance between me and the united "colonies" comes to mental view; it is rather the droll and this-is-original-with-me expression which

accompanies the saying that impresses me with smallness.

But if the world seems small, America does not. Everywhere I go I have cause to realize the greatness of my native land.

The artists' quarter is agog over the great success of the American artists. Chief among these is Pauline Palmer. Last night, at a musical, a young English barytone sang a number of Carrie Jacobs-Bonds' beautiful songs, much to the delight of the audience; and you can imagine my pleasure when I found Emma Lee Walton's sweet little story, "Marget," among the treasured clippings of my talented French master, M. Émile. One might think a section of Chicago transplanted in Paris.

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PARIS.

Will you please send the letter to dear Louise, first, this week? She and Susan have been the most faithful of all my friends, and a foreign post rarely leaves America without some word from them to me. Even

wee Hazelton has sent "his mark." Both Louise and Susan have asked who Ruth is.

Ruth is my friend, in the fullest meaning of the word. She is a Quakeress, as you will see by the thee and thou. She is the loveliest and most considerate of traveling companions, and—and—well, if I should take the dictionary and shake out all the adjectives, and use them to tell how beautiful she is, within as well as without, they would not do her justice. So, then, I send instead a characteristic letter received from her while she was a guest at Eastnor castle. Besides giving you an idea of Ruth, I feel sure you will be interested in reading of life in a castle, by one who has so recently experienced it.

THE LETTER.

EASTNOR CASTLE,
LEDBERRY, ENGLAND,
June 1.

Beloved:—But ten short days have gone since I bade thee farewell as we parted company in Liverpool, thee bent upon reaching

the Continent, and I to make a circuitous route to this wonderland of Eastnor Castle, the royal home of that royal lady, Isabel Somerset. I wonder if her ladyship can have any idea what a glimpse into "this life apart" can mean to ordinary, every-day mortals! Had I possessed my wits I would not have accepted thy refusal to halt in thy mad rush, first coming here with me, after which we could have journeyed together to the city of the Seine.

Thee bade me tell thee how the nobles live. Thee has set me a difficult task. Thee knows this is the second time I have been admitted to these palace walls. When I came first, two years ago, utterly destitute of the knowledge necessary to a rightful appreciation of this titled heritage, I fear I resembled an untrained colt let loose within a garden of flowers, in ignorance and fright ruthlessly treading upon, or blindly passing by, that which to a sage would be sacredly significant. Here is set before us the history of Anglo-Saxon civilization—every foot of ground aids in spelling out some distinctive

step in the evolution of the race. To one who looks with vision veiled there may appear little but "stuff and nonsense" in the innumerable customs and ceremonies, the old landmarks, the tomes of relics which occupy every niche and corner of park and palace. But to the knowing ones all these become possessed with living tongues, speaking in fiery eloquence the language of ages far ago.

I think thy estimate of me since the day we met must be that I am a most thoroughly democratic American; especially convinced must thee be of this fact since our close association during those trying days on ship-board. Nevertheless, I sometimes wish there were inherent among us as a people a little more of reverence, both for persons and things. I believe the reflex influence of such sentiment upon the American character would be to modify what may be termed national self-conceit, and which we are too prone to flaunt abroad with a degree of vain-glory that is scarcely consistent with modesty and good manners. It were better to teach our youth the historical significance of

these old estates, the long-ago achievements that won for certain families distinguished titles that are perpetuated in what constitutes the nobility of the present day, than to pursue our present inconsistent course of utterly ignoring them.

A certain morbid curiosity now characterizes many American tourists, to satisfy which they not infrequently make themselves liable to the criticism that we are snobbish and superficial, lacking in delicacy and culture. I used to be very sensitive myself relative to this seemingly unkind rating of us by our English cousins, but several trips abroad have led me to see the situation from the other side, and I can but wish that there were less cause for it.

I shall always count it one of those rare privileges which seldom come to any mortal twice in a lifetime to have been domiciled for this week in beautiful Eastnor. June in England is endowed with even more loveliness than for us at home. Nature has donned her robes of bloom and perfume. The leaves are of that glossy green which

mirrors the faces of cowslip and daisy. The hedges have not yet been clipped, and the wild rose and honeysuckle have merry frolic in their scramble for a brier or bush to cling to.

With such rare beauty pervading dell and dale, and with my democratic principles in prime condition, I had no thought before coming that this visit would be much of an incident in what has already been, as thee knows, rather an eventful life. I may not have told thee that, when I was here before, Lady Henry was not living in state. Indeed, she spent very little time at this castle, choosing rather to live more quietly in the manor at Reigate, in Surrey. But since then her only son has reached his majority, and has assumed charge of a good share of his gracious mother's affairs. He has married the beautiful Lady Catherine, and as this castle is the official residence of the family, the events I have just mentioned have caused everything hereabouts to blossom out in grand splendor. Lady Henry now resides here in state. Certain apartments have been assigned to the son and his family (a little

grandson arrived a few months ago to bless the hearts and perpetuate the name of the house) and many of the two hundred chambers of the castle are frequently put at the disposal of her ladyship's guests. So thee can understand that this visit is vastly more meaningful than was the former one.

Oh, the splendor of these castle walls! The magnificence and extent of the interior! The punctilious attention of this army of servants! The rambles through these miles of parks! The drives over the vast estate! I must confess that at first it failed to impress me as deeply significant of a phase of life I have never known much about, but after the first day or two are now past I find myself beginning to think that these things are, after all, quite to my liking. This morning I found myself unconsciously waiting for the maid to enter and remove the drapery from the window; to dust and arrange my clothing, and even offer to put it on; to brush my hair, and in her gentle voice ask whether I wished breakfast served in my room. I may say that any one invited here to visit is

supposed to belong to the class who would bring their servants with them, but with Americans it is different, and a maid is assigned us from those of the household staff. How natural to have that important functionary, the head-housekeeper, inquire with an air of high dignity, at what hour I wish to drive, and whether I will dine at home all day.

The wealth of flowers, freshly cut each morning, are lovely, as they nod from the tables in the boudoirs and the niches in the great library. And the works of art that adorn the corridors and the great staircase, the dining and drawing rooms, are fascinating in the extreme. How much pleasanter to study Rubens, Watts, Ghirlandajo, Veronese, and a host of other great painters in this castle-home than in a crowded public gallery, where one's legs and neck get so tired. Whatever we as a nation may think of titles and nobility in general, I know at least one citizen of the Republic who deems the life here "perfectly lovely." Last night, shut in by the silken draperies of my downy couch, I

dropped asleep half-wondering what my chances might have been had my father been able to settle a dower upon me of a million or two.

Yesterday I ventured to say to the mistress of all this grandeur, "Lady Henry, you are indeed a queen"; whereupon her ladyship gave me a reply that holds the keynote to her noble life, "My dear, I like the idea of fellowship better," she said. Ah, yes, I could well believe it, else what could induce her to deliberately forsake the life of quietness and refinement for that of a moral reformer? It would have been most natural for her to have passed a life of royal ease, for her cup of earthly comfort was full to the brim. The daughter of seven earls, with a pedigree seven hundred years long, and estates involving, besides this castle, a splendid old manor at Reigate, a city home in London, another in Paris, a villa in Switzerland, and a tenantry of one hundred and twenty thousand souls.

Her house has always stood in high favor with the reigning sovereigns, and many im-

portant political achievements have shed glory on the ancient name of Somèrs. Socially no one outside the royal family itself has ever shone with fairer fame in the highest coteries of London than she who is now a familiar figure among the farmers of the Malvern Hills or the miners of Wales.

'Twere well for thee and the length of this already unreasonably long letter that a butler has just announced, "Her Ladyship is in the Grand Library, and awaits your presence at afternoon tea," or I fear the spell that was upon me to write might have held me until the shadows fall, which, by the by, at this time of the year in England do not fall till between nine and ten in the evening. But I dare not tarry a moment longer.

NO. 12 BISHOPGATE PLACE,
LONDON.

Beloved Friend:—As thee will see, I never got back to my letter after leaving it last week to take tea with her ladyship. The remaining days were so fully planned for that we were occupied almost every hour.

I left the castle yesterday morning in a maze of bewildered impressions. How queer to again grab my own bag and umbrella and join the seething crowds. How uncouth and rude it seems after having been hid away with beauty and culture for eight days. But Lady Henry's reply rings in my ears, "I like the idea of fellowship better," and the fact that when I left she was out somewhere near London lost in work among the masses, helps restore me to my senses. Life is more real than ever before. Last night as I came from St. Paul's here to my lodgings, it seemed easier to discern God's image in even the least attractive of those I encountered upon the highway than it used to be. My democratic principles have suffered no injury whatever. They have only been burnished and made to shine with new luster.

I am stopping at the old Friends' Meeting House. It is very quaint, and to me everything about it is of intense interest. I will join thee in Paris Thursday.

Faithfully thine,

RUTH.

88 GUILFORD STREET,
LONDON, June 25.

So many things crowd to the place where the gray matter should be that I gasp for breath. I wonder if every woman who comes over here is possessed with the wild desire to write letters. I go to see places now that I may tell you about them, and am uneasy until I reach my little sky-parlor in order to begin the telling.

Can I ever make you understand how much, how very much, I appreciate all the delights you are making it possible for me to enjoy? Were I to be stricken blind and deaf, and then live a thousand years, I have enough of beauty of color, of sound, and of fragrance to enable me to live happily through it all.

And yet, I am going to say, "I told you so." You never did so unwise a thing as to induce me to bring those trunks. We have discarded them and have each purchased an English "hold-all" and a dress basket. This last we send to the place where we are to be at the week's end, and there we

are laundered, and away it goes to our next resting-place.

There is a system of "carted luggage" here by which one may send any large piece of luggage that can be locked (it will not be taken otherwise) from one's door and find it in one's room at the hotel or lodgings in the next city. The cost is nominal. Unless one comes to visit or for social duties, only the bare necessities should be taken. Other articles are an extra bother and expense. We have learned, too, to write ahead, and in time for a reply, before venturing to hotels or lodgings. Women unaccompanied by men do not receive the best attention in Europe unless "expected."

A strange coincidence occurred which I tell you to show that I am not superstitious. My room at my home hotel was numbered thirteen, the stateroom assigned me on the ship was numbered thirteen, and my first address in London was numbered thirteen, yet I am alive and well, and almost happy.

HOUSE-BOAT RÊVE D'OR,
BOURNE END, ENGLAND,

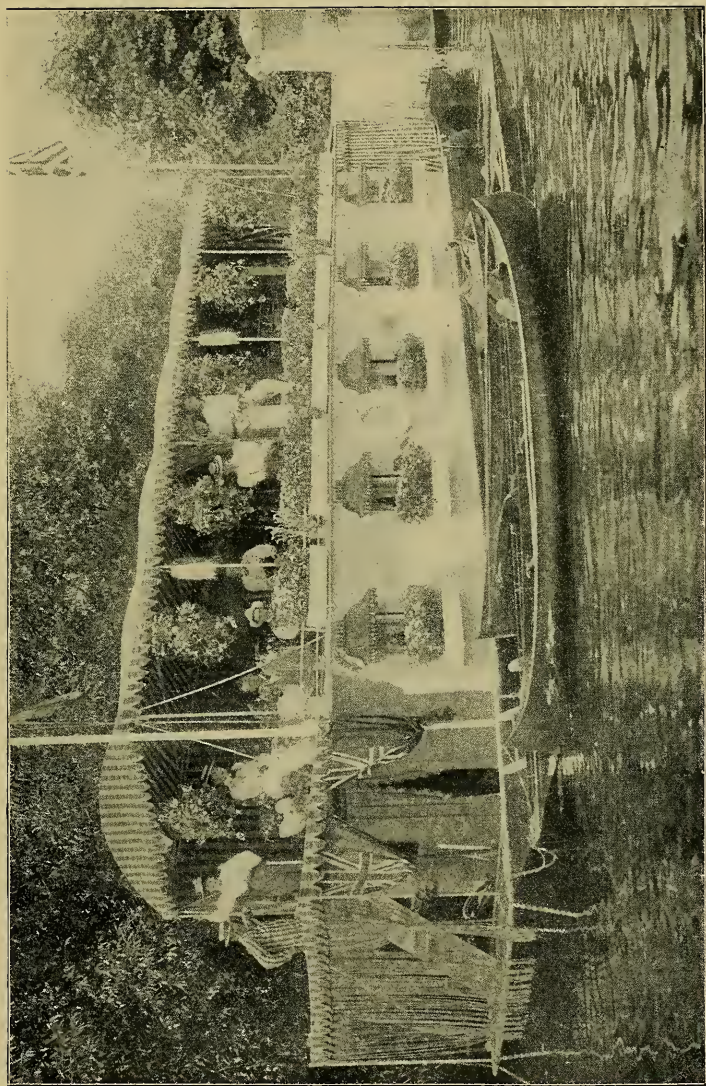
July 2.

I shall not soon forget those dear friends who have been faithful and have written me every little while. No one knows, save those who have experienced it, what a letter means to one traveling in a strange country.

I am having the desire of my life. Every one is lovely to me. I am seeing picturesque England, literary England, and historical England. I am having an ideally perfect time amid elegance and luxury, yet you can little realize the courage it takes not to throw the whole thing up and go home. I feel as though I'd like to gallop—run is too tame—right off to the docks and take the first thing that crosses that big ocean. Never fear, though, I'm going to brave it out, and I'll be a better and a wiser woman in consequence of it.

LONDON, July 4.

Hurrah for the red, white, and blue! The dear maid brought me eleven letters, each



THE RÊVE D'OR ON THE THAMES

with a little flag on it, and each intended to reach me on this day.

Ruth and I took two young American girls with us to the Ambassador's reception this afternoon at four. Mr. and Mrs. Hay live at Carlton House Terrace, and received most graciously. Mrs. Hay is a tall, fine-looking woman, and was simply gowned in a blue foulard. Miss Hay was in white. The gardens and white marble terrace leading to them were draped in our nation's colors, and red carpets were laid to avoid the dampness.

There is a spirit of patriotism in the breast of social leaders which perhaps is seldom equaled by those in the humbler walks of life. The firing of gunpowder in its various forms, the drinking of all sorts and conditions of drinks, the noise of the numerous and senseless yells on our nation's natal day, does not necessarily stamp the doer with boundless national love.

When one is far from one's native land the feeling of love for that home-land is of too deep and sacred a nature to admit of jocular demonstrations. I saw society to-day with

statesmen and men of letters and foreign representatives at the Ambassador's reception, and the heart swelled with patriotic emotion, and many eyes were moist with tears as some one unfurled the Stars and Stripes, while the band played the Star-Spangled Banner. All this was done without sound of any sort, save the sweet strains of the music, or the deeper drawing of the breath, and yet the men of other nations uncovered their heads in respectful acknowledgment of the fact that they stood before the representatives of the truest and most patriotic country on earth.

LONDON, July 20.



AURENCE HUTTON says: "London has no associations so interesting as those connected with its literary men." I do not entirely agree with him, but rather think, as Katherine DeForest remarks of Brittany, "It is one of the few places that never seem to lose their artistic seduction."

Not half has been told of dear, delightful, dirty, dreary London. I should be the last person to call her dreary, for she put on her best behavior for me, and the sun shone nearly every day those first weeks. It was June:

"And what is so rare as a day in June?"

You will remember that the American statesman-poet wrote the poem containing this line in London.

The first and last place to visit in London is Westminster Abbey. The church is in the form of a Latin cross, and the poets' corner is in the south transept, a wing off the organ-room. When you enter it, you seem



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

to be in a chapel with pews and an altar like any place of worship, but it appears to grow larger as one continues to gaze. The wall and every available space are filled with marble busts or bas-reliefs. The stone placed in memory of Mr. Gladstone is in the floor of this poets' corner, and is a simple white marble tablet engraved:

WM. GLADSTONE,
1898.

Involuntarily I stepped back and stood with bowed head, then passed around through another aisle. It is worthy of note that Longfellow is the only American whose bust adorns this corner. There is a service of song here every afternoon at four, and the harmony of those unusually sweet voices is yet ringing in my ears.

The Houses of Parliament are across the street from the Abbey. They contain over a thousand apartments, more than a hundred staircases, and a dozen courts. The art in these buildings rivals anything of the kind in the world. The paintings, sculp-

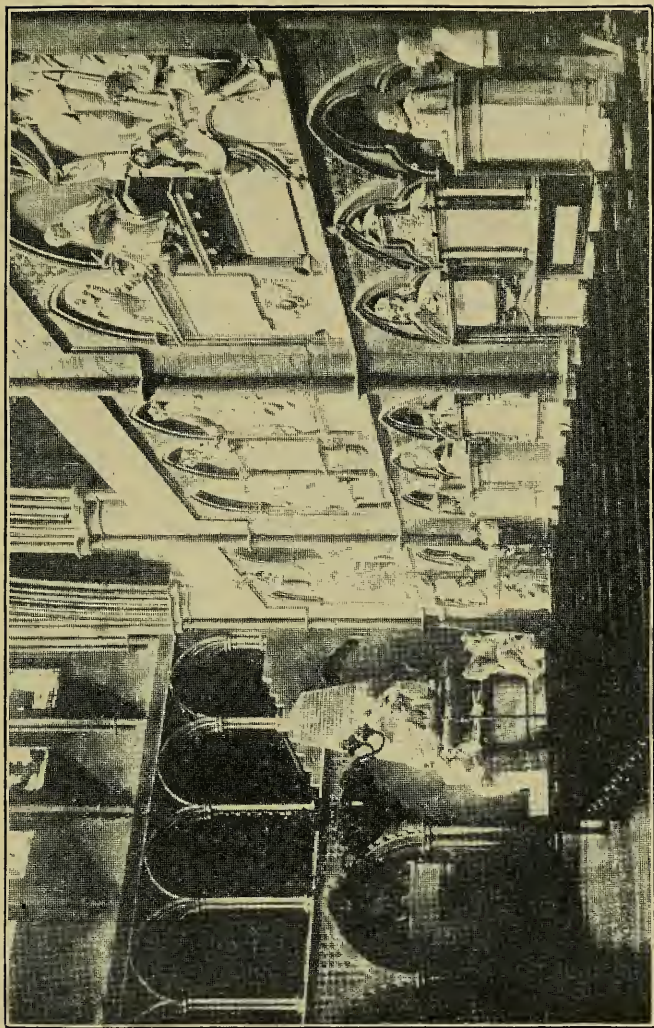
tures, and the mosaic pavements are beautiful beyond description. They are only open to the public on Saturdays, from ten to four. One should take a boat from the Tower bridge to get the view of these buildings from the river, and sail away down past the embankment, where are many of the finest hotels.

There are some beautiful water trips around London. One, particularly pleasant, is from London bridge to Kew. If you have time, stop at Chelsea and see the home of Carlyle, which is now fitted up as a memorial and open to visitors, afterwards going on to Kew. Disembark here and take a chars-a-bancs, or the top of an omnibus, to Hampton Court, and walk through the grounds.

To me one of the greatest delights of London is Hyde Park. I cannot understand why one hears so much about Paris and so little of London. Hyde Park is to London what the Tuileries are to Paris, and the marble arch at the Victoria Street entrance, erected by George the Fourth, is as beautiful

as the Arc de Triomphe, while the massive archway and iron gates at the Piccadilly end are finer than anything of the kind I saw in Paris. One gets the best idea of Hyde Park by taking a 'bus at Piccadilly Circus—and, by the by, do you know what Piccadilly Circus is? Well, it is only a street, or rather a widening of the place where Regent Street ends and where Piccadilly turns west. Piccadilly itself is a prominent street, but only about half a mile in length, beginning at Haymarket and ending at Hyde Park.

To go back to Hyde Park—I repeat, take a 'bus at Piccadilly Circus, ride to Kensington Gore, and walk back through Kensington Gardens, past the Albert Memorial and the marble statue of the Queen, done by her daughter, Princess Louise. One is obliged to walk, as carriages are not allowed in Kensington Gardens, and there is no other way by which to see the beauty of the rare old trees, the fountains, the lakes and bridges and the glorious array of blossoms. Try to get down to Rotten Row in Hyde Park by four, for at that time the “drive” begins, and



POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

one may see London's lords and ladies at their best.

Another delightful day may be spent in St. James Park. Aim to arrive there for the "guard mount," at nine each morning, and if you go on a Wednesday, and the King and Queen happen not to be in town, you may be shown through the palace.

Make a day of the Crystal Palace at Cydenham Hill. If one cannot take the continental trip, a very good idea of the works of art of Switzerland, Germany, France, and Italy may be obtained in this "miniature world," as the Crystal Palace is sometimes called.

One should go to the theaters, and go some time when they do not "book stalls." This experience is apt to test your menticulture. The Haymarket theater, for instance, does not book seats on Saturday afternoons and the highest priced seat is but four shillings. It seemed strange that Ruth insisted on our lunching so early the Saturday we were to attend, but I thought perhaps the performance began at twelve, like

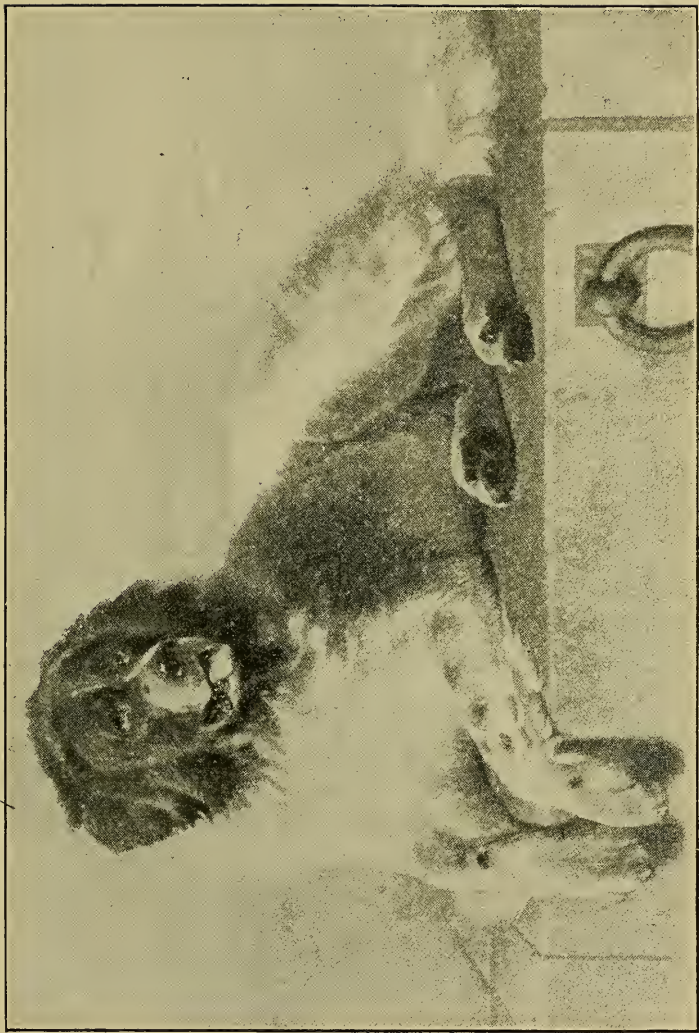
the Wagnerian cycles at Covent Garden. When I saw the pretty, well-behaved young women sitting there in line on camp-stools, it struck me as very funny. I lost my "place" time after time stepping out to gaze at them. There were few men present, and the low voices of the women never rose high or shrill when arguing about their right to a place.

But best and most fascinating of all is the National Gallery, and after that the British Museum. I like the English school of art. Landseer, Turner, Reynolds, Hogarth, and Gainsborough are a decided relief from the old masters in the galleries on the Continent. If I could have but one picture, and that of my own choosing, I'd take, without hesitation, Landseer's "A Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society," not because the largest crowd is always before it, nor because the easel space is full with artists copying it, but because it appeals to my heart. One should go several times to this gallery that the knowledge gained may be properly digested. On the first visit especially a guide should be taken.

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I have had a most delightful opportunity to see something of the country life of England, and one that the casual traveler cannot experience, unless she has friends living here. It was on a house-boat at Borne End, and the memory of that charming week will live long after paintings and sculptures have faded from my mind. It was the last week in June. The Thames was in gala dress for the boat races and the banks were lined with house-boats—veritable bowers of plants and blossoms—ready for the Henley regatta. These house-boats are really flat-boats supporting summer cottages. They are seldom moved except for the races, and are then towed up the Thames to Henley or Oxford by little tugs.

The scene is one of unsurpassed loveliness, the banks lined with these floating bowers, the water dotted with thousands of small boats, each flying some college colors, the fresh-looking English maidens in holiday array, the stalwart fellows in white duck, the bands of music, the gayety and flowers—flowers everywhere. If you



A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY

Landseer

have read the description of an Oxford regatta in "The Handsome Humes," you will agree with me, I am sure.

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It is a mistaken idea that the English people sneer at or slight Americans. Every well informed Englishman acknowledges the United States to be the most progressive nation on earth. Everything American is sought after, and American ideas command the highest price.

I have found the better class of English the most charming of people, and their hospitality knows no limit. My stay here, away from my native land, has been one bright dream of pleasure, made so particularly by a dear old English couple whom I met first in Paris, by the family on the house-boat, and our little English companion, Eleanora, who is showing Ruth and me her London.

Elbert Hubbard says something to the effect that, to travel through Europe with one and still remain friends stamps both as remarkably amiable persons. Without wish-

ing to seem egotistical, I'd like you to know that before bidding Eleanora good-by she invited me to join her later in a jaunt through Italy.

LONDON, July 21,

The packers were here all day, and those awful trunks have gone, and we shall not see them again until Ruth sails. The dress basket we are to share between us has been sent to Edinburgh, where we shall be next Sunday.

Just after everything had gone, Maud called on us. Poor child, she is very brave, but very homesick at being left behind. She is beautiful, and her voice is a superbly rich contralto. You must hear her when she returns to the States, for I am sure she will make a great name for herself.

The news has just reached us of the sinking of a French liner. How horrible! With you on that side and I on this. But—

“No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.”

LAKESIDE, WINDERMERE,
WEST VIEW VILLAS.

We left London—St. Pancras Station—at 10:30 yesterday morning, via the Midland Railway, stopping en route at Chesterfield long enough to see the “Twisted Tower” of the cathedral. It was built in the fourteenth century, and the book says, “A curious twist to the spire was caused by the warping of the wood.” The poor ignorant people say it was the devil. It is very odd, whoever did it.

We left the train at Leeds in order to see the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, catching the next through train by driving to Skipton, and here began the most picturesque scenery I have found in England.

The valley of Craven consists of meadows similar to those of Chester and Warwick, but they are softer and greener; the same hedges, but darker, higher, and more velvety. The woods behind them set them off to advantage, and here and there, sparkling in the sunlight, is a little lake. The winding white roads and beautiful roses

are everywhere, a fitting setting for all the harmony of color. We passed through a cañon cut in the rocks, with cliffs as high as one can see, and the blue hills of Cumberland burst on our vision.

This mountain region, called the English Lake District, is said by the English to be the most beautiful spot in the British isles, but the Scotch and the Irish each claim the same superlative. I shall see them all, and shall give you an unprejudiced opinion, but certain it is that within these limits lies a wealth of scenery not to be very far surpassed anywhere.

We arrived here at fifteen to six, and came directly to West View Villas. After a cup of tea we walked out over the meadows. Have you the slightest idea what an English meadow is like? I had not, and it is beyond the power of this poor pen point to describe one to you. This one has hills on either side, with the clear blue Windermere at their feet. The white roads wind in and out, with this cluster of villas all covered with roses, and an old rustic bridge

near by. I am writing this in the sweetest and cleanest of rooms, from the window of which I see the purple hills in the west and the sun just sinking behind them.

EN ROUTE.

We had heard nothing from Dr. L., whom we expected to join us here, and it looked as though we would have to go on alone. We walked along a lovely lane to the steamboat landing, and as we were about to start, who should come hurrying up but the doctor and his party.

The sail on Lake Windermere was delightful. The boat touches at a number of picturesque places once frequented by Scott, Wordsworth, and Southey, landing us at Amblesides about ten in the morning. Here the coach was waiting to take us on one of the loveliest drives in Great Britain. All the way we glided over the same smooth roads, with mountains on one side and Lake Grasmere at our feet. We visited the cottage where Wordsworth lived, the one in

which Coleridge died, where Arnold wrote the "Light of Asia," and the home of Harriet Martineau. What wonder that these per-



OUR ENGLISH COACH

sons wrote so poetically! One must find expression for one's dreams in this land of beauty.

We reached Keswick just in time to board

the train for Penrith, where we changed for Carlisle. Here we took time to visit the old castle and the really fine cathedral before leaving for Melrose, Scotland. So, good-by, bright, fragrant, and flowery England!

Scotland

“I canna thole my ain toun, sin’ I hae dwelt i’ this;
To bide in Edinboro’ reek wad be the tap o’ bliss.
Yon bonnie plaid aboot me hap, the skirlin’ pipes gae
 bring,
With thistles fair tie up my hair, while I of Scotia
 sing.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCOTLAND

WAVERLY HOTEL,
EDINBURGH.

Melrose Abbey by moonlight! What a world of meaning those words hold for me! What a wealth of history those ruins contain! Their story must be read before coming for the custodian's daughter, who was our guide, like Stockton's Pamona, had learned her story by heart, and no amount of questioning would bring forth any other facts save those in the "book."

This morning Ruth and I hired wheels and rode to Abbotsford. The beautiful home of Sir Walter Scott is after the style of many castles we have seen, walled in with gardens, terraced lawns, parks, and drives. We plucked a bit of the ivy and holly hedge planted by Sir Walter's own hand, and walked in the gardens he loved so well.

.
Imagine, if you can, a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, having in its

heart an immense rock, with a castle on top of it. Edinburgh is rich in landmarks, in spite of the fact that it has been burned to the ground twice since 1300. Its natural beauty surpasses that of either London or Paris. It is built upon two ridges, divided by a valley, which is now a park. The new town is situated to the north of the park, and in this portion are found the modern buildings and principal hotels. I am living in this part of the city, on Princes Street, and from my window I look out on the marble features of Scott, whose monument is at the end of the park.

The picturesque "Old Town" begins with the castle on its huge embankment and slopes down toward the south. It is here one finds the historic landmarks crowding each other in dramatic interest. Here, too, is brought vividly to mind the sad story of poor Queen Mary. In the valley between the old and new towns is found a wealth of art and architecture not duplicated anywhere, for these Scots are strong in their originality.

It was from the esplanade overlooking one of the perpendicular sides of the castle rock, and which is now used as a drill-ground for the soldiers in the barracks, that I had my first view of that man-devised wonder, the Forth bridge. I crossed it afterwards en route to Glasgow.

A few days is but scant time to do justice to the landmarks of Edinburgh, and it puzzles one to choose from among those orthodox and those otherwise. St. Giles, the old Gray Friars, and John Knox vie with the haunts of Burns, Scott, Johnson, and Boswell. The shops form no small part of the attractiveness of the street scene, and the windows filled with articles done in plaids of the different clans are alluring.

BATH HOTEL, GLASGOW.

Not far from Edinburgh, after passing the Firth of Forth, is the pretty town of Dunfermline. It is the residence of the United States consul, and he made the short stop pleasant for us.

The chief difference, I find, between the English and Scottish castles lies in the fact that the former are simply residences—walled to be sure—while the latter are strongholds, generally perched on some gigantic rock, and, incidentally, royalty resided in them long enough to have their heads under the guillotine. Stirling castle is no exception to the rule, and it is therefore not visited by many women. There is a long, hard climb up the hill leading to the fortifications, for Stirling is still a garrisoned town, and the castle stands on the edge of a steep, isolated rock overhanging the Forth. Here are the steps where Mary, Queen of Scots, stood to survey her possessions, the window out of which the body of Douglas was thrown, and the raised dais, on the battlements, from which Queen Victoria reviewed her troops. From the battlements there is a fine view of the country for miles around, with the statue of Wallace to be seen in the far distance. Just before crossing the drawbridge at the entrance to the castle stands a bronze Robert Bruce, whose

features, even in iron, bring back the foremost of Scottish chiefs.

.

When a Scotchman tells you to do or see anything, he invariably adds, "If the day be fine," and true enough much depends on the "fineness" of the day in a country where it rains a little *every* day. The good wishes had been so many and so fervent that we might have a fine day for the coach drive through the Trossachs that nature put on her brightest smile and never shed a tear until we were under shelter.

The name Trossachs signifies "bristly country," and Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake," tells how it "bristles" with beauty and romance. That old story is, after all, the best guide to the lake region of Scotland.

The big red coach, with its four white horses and red-coated driver, meets the passengers as they alight from the traveling carriages, and dashes away almost before they are seated. Then follows in quick succession pictures of white roads bordered with purple heather, with a background of

the dark green of the mountain; of a stone bridge spanning the blue waters of a salmon stream; of a wild bit of mountain scenery with a road seemingly straight up its rugged sides; and last comes the view of the calm waters of Loch Katrine.

The boat Rob Roy receives the party from the coach and rounds Ellen's Isle, sailing almost the entire length of the beautiful loch. When she finally lands, there is another coach waiting to carry us across the mountains, and on to Inversnaid, where, after visiting the waterfall, the train is taken for Glasgow.

Glasgow is not a picturesque town—in fact, the Clyde is the prettiest thing about it—but it is modern and progressive, and it has two attractive public buildings, the cathedral and university.

AYR, SCOTLAND.

Burns'-land lies between Glasgow and the sea, and from the moment that one alights from the train, at each step is found some haunt of the much-loved poet. It takes but

a short time to peep through the window into the room where Burns was born, and to compare the humble cot where he lived his



THE BONNIE DOON

life with the magnificent place he occupies in death. His tomb is set high up on a hill in the midst of a park whose sides slope down to the bonnie Doon.

Ireland

“When the glass is up to thirty,
Be sure the weather will be dirty.
When the glass is high, O very!
There’ll be rain in Cork or Kerry.
When the glass is low, O Lork!
There’ll be rain in Kerry and Cork.

.

And when the glass has climbed its best,
The sky is weeping in the west.”

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

IRELAND

LARNE, IRELAND.

The shortest sea voyage between Scotland and Ireland is from Stranrauer to Larne. Stranrauer is a short ride from Ayr, but the S. S. Princess Victoria was five hours crossing the channel. It was cold and rough, and many of the passengers were ill.

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One of the most fatiguing of trips is that of the Giant's Causeway. From Larne the road takes its way through a number of thriving towns, and the country looks neat and has an air of the well-to-do.

At Portrush the scene changes, and becomes, almost at once, one of wild ruggedness. The cliffs rise high on one side, and the steep precipice at the edge of the tramway goes down to the sea on the other. This is a most extraordinary coast. The action of the waves and the tides on the limestone have made the rocks take on most fantastic

shapes. The ocean is always tempestuous. It must be beautiful from the water, but nothing save small boats can venture here, so the view is almost unknown. This sort of scene continues until we reached Dunluce castle.

Perched on the summit of an isolated rock, not far from the shore, is this picturesque fortress. The rock is separated from the mainland by a deep chasm. The castle is reached by a drawbridge, while beneath the waves beat madly against the sides of the rock, black with the age of centuries.

The word causeway means paving, and these Irish giants certainly paved well. Basaltic rock is plentiful along the north coast, but this particular district alone embraces these odd varieties of form. The caves along the coast can be seen only by means of row-boats. These are manned by strong and trustworthy sailors. The sea is very rough, and the boatmen delight in making the trip seem even more hazardous than perhaps it really is. After the caves have been explored the boat is rowed to the extreme

end of the Causeway, and it is during the walk back that we get the best idea of these wonderful formations, and have a hair-raising experience on a narrow path three hundred and twenty feet in air. At first it was delightful—high, of course, but with a broad path. On turning a sharp corner, suddenly we came to a narrowing of the way, with nothing but rocks and sky above, and rocks and sea below. We dared not turn back, and we walked that terrible pass until we came to a widening in the path—it seemed hours—and then Ruth and I sat down and cried from sheer exhaustion. It cost us ten shillings to enter by the sea and six to make our exit by land. How is that for the down-trodden Irish?

GREAT SOUTHERN HOTEL,
KILLARNEY.

I wish I were a poet! But even the poet laureate, who recently visited here, says, "Words cannot do justice to this sweet, sad scene." His word "sad" pleased me, for I

said yesterday to Ruth that the scenery of Ireland has a tenderness about it that makes one quiet and think things.

We started at nine-thirty in a four-horse coach with a bugler. The road lies along the north side of the lower lake, and it wasn't long before the exquisite mountain scenery came into view. The Purple Mountains grew more interesting at every step. Presently we came to Kate Kearney's cottage, and our Irish guide turned and asked, in the richest of brogues:

“Oh! have you ever heard of Kate Kearney?

She lived at the Lakes of Killarney;

One glance of her eye would make a man die;

And have you never heard of Kate Kearney?”

Further on we strike the mountain pass, where the coach cannot go. We dismounted and were placed on ponies. I thought at first I could not ride one, but I soon got used to the saddle, and I would not have missed the wild, weird pass over the mountain for anything. There was nothing “sad” or “tender” about *that*. It was grand, fearful, awesome, and mysterious. There is noth-

ing in Switzerland, I understand, more fascinating.

We left the ponies at the foot of the mountains and paid toll into Lord Brandon's



GAP OF DUNLOE

estate in order to reach the boats. Lunch was served on the banks of the upper lake. These lakes have to be explored in row-boats, on account of the narrows, a pass between the rocks not more than ten feet

apart. Such varied beauty I have seen nowhere else. The tender grace of the heather-strewn valley against the background of hills, the frequent change from the gentle to the stern, the calm-flowing waters, the smiling cascades turning into dashing cataracts over dangerous piles, are a never-ending source of surprises. The upper lake is more placid and less changeable, but the lower has every change, from smooth, glass-like waters to the rapids, which we "shoot" in no fearless manner. Finally we alight on Innisfallen Island to see the ruins of the abbey; then across to Ross Castle. Here another coach and four was in waiting to carry us home. After ten miles by coach, five on horseback, and thirteen by boat I actually dress for dinner.

.

We were up with the larks this morning, packed everything very carefully, sent the basket off by carted luggage, and nearly came to blows with the stupid paddy at the station over the settlement.

After breakfast the coach came dashing up,

and away we flew again, over the purple hills, through shady lanes, past the wee farms and the hovel, catching glimpses of



MEETING OF THE WATERS, LAKES OF KILLARNEY

castles, churches, and ruins. The most beautiful of all is Muckross Abbey. I had no idea we could possibly repeat the pleasures of yesterday, but in some respects we exceeded them. Our road to-day wound up

and around Eagle Nest Mountain, in the dark recesses of which the eagle builds its nest. Here, too, is the home of the famous Killarney echo. The effect produced by the notes of a bugle is almost supernatural.

The coachmen have a clever manner of talking to the echoes. For instance, ours called out, "Pat, were you drunk last night?" and the confession came back from a thousand hills, "Drunk last night, drunk last night, drunk last night."

The literary Killarnian claims for this beautiful region that it was the ruins of the old castle on the shores of the Middle Lake which called forth Tennyson's masterpiece, "The Bugle Song."

The Purple Mountains take their name from the purple of the heather. One can see every shade, from the light pink-lavender to the dark, almost red, purple. To me the Irish heather is much prettier than the Scotch.

We arrived at Glengarriff just as the sun was sinking. The valley, the lakes, the mountains, the red coach, with its four big

horses darting in and out of the winding road, and finally galloping up to the exquisite little inn at Glengarriff, high on a knoll overlooking the blue waters of the Bay of Bantry, are among the delightful details of to-day's picture.

The shore line of this attractive bay can only be appreciated when one is taken in a small boat, threading one's way through the numberless private yachts that dot its waters. One of the gentlemen of our party, thinking to have some sport with the boatman, said that only one lady could go in each boat, and that he must choose the one he wished to go with him. After a critical survey the answer came, "Divil a step will I go without the both of yez!" and he handed us both into his boat, and left the gentlemen to seek a boat by themselves.

CORK, IRELAND.

We left the coach at Bantry and took an observation car to Cork. After a rest of a few hours and a dainty luncheon a jaunting car "shook" us over the road to Blarney

Castle. The road lies through a beautifully cultivated country. There is a charm about the sweet old castle that is indescribable. The view from the top is superb, taking in



IRISH JAUNTING CAR

the valley of the Lee, with the old Roman bridge in the far distance. When any one tells you that he kissed the Blarney stone, take it with several grains of salt. It is a physical impossibility for one who wears petticoats.

Cork is, to my mind, the prettiest town in all Ireland. It lies in the midst of limestone quarries, and is white to a degree. I



OUR FIRST VIEW OF BLARNEY CASTLE

had not read Thackeray's "Sketch Book" before I came here, and I wondered why some one had not raved over this magnificent part of the world. I have since been delighted to find that he *did* rave—I use the

word advisedly—as no one but Thackeray can.

Cork has more well-known landmarks than any other place in Ireland. In a little three-storied bell tower in the center of the town hangs the chime of bells made famous by Francis Mahoney in his—

“With deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells.”

One of the pleasant drives from Cork takes one to Sir Walter Raleigh’s home at Yaughal. For more than four hundred years it has stood with but little change. Attached to the grounds is the garden where Raleigh experimented with the potato, which was here first grown in Ireland.

We were a rather solemn lot on the drive to Queenstown, for all but Ruth and I were to sail from there for home. This seeing people off isn’t what “it’s cracked up” to be, especially when they are off for the land where “some one loves you and thinks of you far away,” but we wished them *bon voyage*, and Ruth and I turned our hard-set faces northward.

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I AND 2 GREAT DENMARK STREET,
DUBLIN.

Ah, well! All things must have an end, and so this all too happy summer must come to a close. I remain here to study, and Ruth goes to Iceland. We shall meet in the spring, when I have taken my degree (?), and go to sunny Italy together.

I was sitting on the deck of the ship that was to carry Ruth away from me, looking at the lights out over Dublin Bay, when some one touched me on the shoulder, and, on turning around, there stood dear Miss B., who was with us for a time at Killarney. I met her father on the street the other day, and told him of Ruth's intended departure. They were very good to come to us that night, and I shall never forget their kindness in helping me over these first trying days of my loneliness without my blessed Ruth. Through them I have made some charming friends who occupy the time before I start in to study.

.

I have had a delightful outing, one which enabled me to see, and in an uncommon

manner, certain out-of-the-way places where the casual tourists rarely go, and it has all been due to the friends of Miss B. These Irish know how to do things well.

We started away with a regular cavalcade, most of the women in the coach, a few on horseback. The servants went ahead with the wagons carrying the viands and rugs, and—oh, an hundred things we Americans would never think of.

Dublin has more pleasure resorts at her door than any other city in the world. We drove out through Phoenix Park, passing the summer home of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. We made our first stop at Killiney Castle to get the fine view of Dublin Bay. It was from this spot that the poet wrote:

“O, Bay of Dublin!
My heart you’re troublin’.
Your beauty haunts me
Like a fever dream.”

Then we dashed away to Bray and Bray’s Head, along the Esplanade, through the Scalp, a wild bit of country in the county of Wicklow, and the Dargle, which is a roman-

tic glen. We never go slowly—the horses are either galloping, or stopped altogether. Then on through Enniskerry, a lovely little village, where everybody stopped or ran to the door to watch us go by, with a wave of the hand, and always a “God bless ye!”

I could not believe such magnificence were possible in Ireland as was found at Powers Court had I not seen it with my own eyes. It is the finest private mansion I have seen in all my travels. The Vale of Avoca, which called from Moore these lines,

“There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale on whose bosom these bright waters
meet,”

did not appeal to me so much as did Killarney.

The city of Kilkenny, called the “Marble City,” impressed itself on me. The streets are paved with marble of their own quarrying, and what is better, the inhabitants have fire without smoke, from a peculiar coal found in that district. They also claim to have water without mud, and earth without

bog, and however true these boasts may be, it is a wonderfully clean city. The coach was sent back from this place by the servants, and we returned by train.

It all seems very tame in this telling of mine, but the trip was delightful, every moment of it. Sometimes we would all get out and walk; sometimes the ladies would exchange with the men and ride horseback; or the men would crowd into the coach, as when it would rain for a few moments. Then there would be good fun, and I could get an idea of their thoughts. They are great story-tellers, these Irish, and have such warm hearts, especially for the poor. I am sure many pounds were given away during that jaunt. And the songs they sang, when shall I ever hear such again? And yet there was not a young person, that is, one under thirty, in the party. Other things besides wine, my dear, "improve with age."

There is a pathos about the love of an Irishman for his country that is most touching, and each county vies with the others in patriotic loyalty; and let me whisper in

your ear, that the Irish gentry are far and away ahead of—"what the world thinks" they are. In fact, they are "deloitful."

I suppose you have noticed the number of "Kills" which form some part of many of the names I have referred to. "Kil" is the Gaelic for "church." One of my Irish friends told the story of an Englishman who went over to Ireland and fell upon the following conversation between two tough-looking natives: "I'm afther being over to Kilpatrick," said the first. "An' I," replied the other, "am afther being over to Kilmary." "And where are you going now?" asked number one. "To Kilmore," was the answer.

The frightened Englishman concluded not to tarry in such a bloodthirsty country, and stood not upon the order of his going.

1 AND 2 GREAT DENMARK STREET,
DUBLIN.

Did you notice that I celebrated the day of days—to us—in writing that last letter?

Since, I have been very busy getting in trim for work, and at last I'm "fit."

I have been taking my afternoons to see this wonderful city. I told you, did I not, that because I am in these blessed petticoats, I am obliged to recite "apart"—not "apart" from the petticoats, but apart from the unpetticoated sort—and I am glad of it.

I was in Belfast last week with some American friends, and we drove to Shane's Castle and to Carron Towers, the seat of the Marchioness of Londonderry. The Americans then went on to the Causeway, and I came back to the "Great Denmark." My home is in quite a nice-looking house, and it is well furnished, but the landlady is away, and the maidens, all forlorn, do it up when and how they please. I have a large room "front," and as I study here every morning, and write much of the remainder of the time, my room is "tidied" only when I ask for it, and then, of course, it is an extra.

We are but a step from Sackville Street, one of the finest thoroughfares in Europe. The picture I am sending you is taken from

O'Connell's bridge, and the colossal monument to Daniel O'Connell is in the foreground. The tall pillar, midway up the street, is the Nelson monument to com-



SACKVILLE STREET

memorate the hero of Trafalgar. You may be interested to know that I pass the beautiful column every day.

Will you believe me when I tell you that nowhere in Europe have I seen more lovely or better dressed women than right here on Sackville Street? I have accounted for it,

in some degree, by the fact that our Irish cousins follow the American styles more closely than do any of their immediate sisters. The Irish women are always in good form. One never sees them wearing any sort of jewelry before luncheon. They are usually found in the morning in short, tailored skirts, a chic blouse, and natty hats; some dainty confection of lace and muslin in the afternoon; and, almost without exception, the middle class, as well as the gentry, "dress" for dinner; and then one sees the beautiful jewels handed down by their forebears.

The college buildings are delightfully quaint, with their multitude of old-fashioned wee window-panes which stud their face. Statues of two of Ireland's beloved sons, Burke and Goldsmith, are on either side of the entrance. Opposite is the famous bank of Ireland, beautiful in design, and the general post-office. Statues of "Hibernia," "Mercury," and "Fidelity" adorn the latter.

For some reason an Irishman, in his native country, will not admit ignorance on any sub-

ject. He would rather tell you wrongly than to say "I don't know." Some one asked a jarvey what those statues I have just mentioned were. Pat hadn't their names



TRINITY COLLEGE

handy in his mind, so he drew on his imagination, and replied: "Thim's the twelve apostles sur." "Twelve apostles," shouted the inquirer, "why, man, there are only three of them!" To which Pat, not to be caught by such a trifle, said: "Sure, an' yer honor wouldn't have thim all out in this

dom rain, would ye? The rest of 'em are inside sortin' o' the letters."

The first day I was shown over Dublin my guide, in pointing out the college, said: "This is the Library, and an institute for learning." I asked, "How far does the Library extend?" meaning which was the Library and which the Institute. The honest, but thick-headed, paddy replied, "To the roof, mum."

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The comparative neglect by tourists of a country like Ireland, where nature has lavished her charms with such wonderful profusion, can only be explained by its hitherto unsettled condition, and its long-a-dying notoriety for inferior accommodations and modes of transportation. But whatever difficulties and discomforts may have existed to deter the traveler in former days, it seems to me that little now is wanting to render a tour through Ireland all that the rational traveler can desire.

It is well nigh impossible to tell of the exquisite scenery of the beautiful island with-

out seeming fulsome. Almost every county so teems with prehistoric remains, and the island is so begirt with varied attractiveness, that it is as alluring to the student and artist as it is to the pleasure-seeker.

Italy

“For Italy, my Italy, mere words are faint!
No writer’s pencil can convey thy heaven’s blue,
Thy languorous bay.
Thou art thine own interpreter.
I dream and wake and find no words for her—
For Italy’s soft-storied charms
I throw the English words away.
Her gondolas drip through the night—
I stretch my arms toward Napoli,
And ‘Monte Bella’ softly say.”

HARRIET AXTELL JOHNSTONE.

ITALY

COCUMELLA HOTEL,
SORRENTO, ITALY, May 5.

How nice it seems to be free again! And yet I do believe it does one good to take a few months every year or so—having been out of the habit of studying—and give close application to some subject.

I was glad when the time came to cease traveling and to begin study; and now I am glad that I can cease my studies and again begin sight-seeing.

Ruth, as you know, found it necessary to return to America before joining me. She sailed from New York the 18th ult., on the Tartar Prince, and I met her at Ponta Delgada. Ponta Delgada is the chief city of the island of San Miguel, which, in turn, is the principal island of the Azores, and it is prominent as having the most beautiful gardens in the world.

Among the passengers who boarded the ship with me at Ponta Delgada was a de-

lightful Portuguese family—the mother, son and his wife—who came with us to Italy. They are charming, cultured people, and speak English perfectly, though the mother



PONTA DELGADA, AZORES

and wife had never before been off the island.

We left the Azores on the 27th of April, passing Gibraltar on May Day. Gibraltar is grand, but not so frowning as I had imagined, for the graceful rock smiled down

on us as if in greeting. We passed near enough to see life going on in the town, and then headed for the African coast, that we might catch a glimpse of the vegetation along the shore.

.

All that has been written about the blue Mediterranean is true. It is blue as nothing else is. The sky, those days, was greenish pink, and you know what a delight to the eye is the blending of these colors. But the one bright memory that stands out clearest when I think of the Mediterranean are the sunsets. I remember one night in particular. The good captain told me to hasten from dinner. I drew my chair close to the rail, and out beyond the horizon I saw a city of fire. The beautiful mansions, and cathedrals, and castles, with turrets and towers, were all ablaze. Through the streets people in fiery red draperies were flying from the flames. Sometimes an old man with flowing beard appeared in the midst of them, and with out-stretched hands, would seem to call aloud. The flames turned to a greenish gold, the

smoke rolled away, and far beyond appeared a Moorish village, the temples carved of alabaster. Suddenly, through the lace-like pillars, came the faintest tint of pink, growing dimmer and dimmer, until only the outlines could be discerned. A great billowy sea of foam rolled over the village, and divided on either side of a world of golden fire, and, as I gazed, it dropped into the black water.

A voice said, "Come, dear, the captain wants you to see the moon come up out of the sea." It was my blessed Ruth.

"Did you see that burning city and Moorish village? I asked, as soon as I had returned to earth. "Yes, dear," she replied, and there were tears in her eyes, too.

.

This morning we were called at five o'clock to see the sun rise over Vesuvius. The same ball of golden fire which went down in the sea that night crowned for a brief moment the wonderful Mount.

The Bay of Naples is unlike anything else on earth. On one side are the castles, or villas, or pleasure resorts, whichever it be

that comes to your gaze as you glide past; on the other, the turquoise-blue water; and far in the distance, like a camel with two humps, rising out of the sea, is Capri. The air is filled with music, and the scene is one of the wildest confusion. Every sort of craft that sails the seas, every sort of flag, every sort of sound, cause you to wonder if you will ever get through that throng. The ship is stopped, the steps are let down the side, and the doctor and the purser with the mail come on board.

While we were busy with our letters from home one of the party with whom we were to go through the Blue Grotto had bargained with a boatman to take us to the ship that goes to Capri.

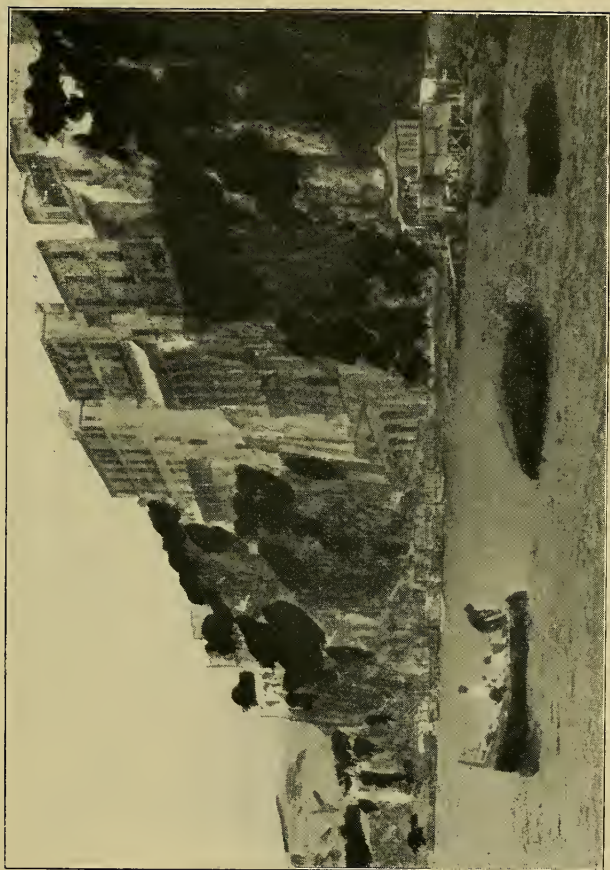
The mode of going ashore here at Naples is different from that of any other port where I have landed. Hundreds of stout row-boats come from the various hotels, just as the busses meet the trains in the smaller cities at home.

The Blue Grotto must be visited on a clear, calm day, and some old travelers ad-

vised us, if the day was fine, to go directly from the ship before landing. The captain allowed us to leave our luggage on board, as the ship will stay in Naples for several days to unload freight. There were six of us, then, transferred to the German Lloyd S. S. Nixe.

As we sailed away, Vesuvius and Sorrento were to the left, the city of Naples behind us, and the outlines of Capri ahead. We went directly to the Grotto, or rather as near as the large boat goes. Here, again, we take to the row-boats, two in each. The Grotto itself is a cavern in the side of the huge rocks of Capri. It is necessary to lie flat in the boat to get through the tiny opening. I could readily see why the authorities do not permit visitors on stormy days, for the sea was very rough even on this quiet morning. The interior of the cave is very high, and the effect of the reflection of the sun on the blue waters is indescribable. Everything under water takes on a silvery hue, and the echo is weird.

On board the ship once more, we sailed



SORRENTO

away from this real fairies' abode to the town of Capri, arriving at high noon, and as the town is on the side of a mountain, we climbed up a good part of its side to get a lunch. It was my first Italian meal, and it was delicious. Of course there was macaroni in the Italian style, with beef-stock and tomatoes, and fried fresh sardines. The dessert was a fruit, something like our California plum, which I tasted for the first time at the Azores, the nespera.

After the repast we hired a carriage for Anacapri. The road, hewn out of solid rock, lies along the mountain side, giving us a magnificent view of the bay, with Vesuvius always in sight. No matter from which side one looks, one will find that well-known peak, with the black smoke pouring from its mouth, in evidence.

We caught the Nixe on her return trip to Sorrento. Here, again, the little boats meet us, each bearing the name of its hotel on a silken banner. The boatman shouts out the name of the one he represents until a passenger calls, in turn, his choice. We

were going to the Cocumella, and I wish you might have heard the boatman call, in his soft, musical voice, "Co—ceh—m-e-l-l-a! Co—ceh—m-e-l-l-a!" The steward helped us into the boat, and we were rowed to an opening in the cliff. The town lies on the top of perpendicular rocks, and we struggled up five hundred steps cut in a tunnel through the mountain, coming out at the top into the lovely garden of this hotel.

The Cocumella was once a monastery, and its situation is ideal. Here is a place where I should be willing to spend the remainder of my days, and by the length of this letter, you may think I am going to put the account of them all in it.

HOTEL METROPOLE,
NAPLES, ITALY,
May 6.

Ruth is such a brick! She is not afraid of her shadow, and she likes to be alone some time each day. That remark was called forth by the number of tourists one

meets who are worn to the bone by companions who are afraid to room alone or to look out of the window alone—to eat, sleep, walk, talk, or pray alone—and who must have some one close by them every moment of the time.

Last night, on our walk about Sorrento, we passed the house of Mr. Marion Crawford. We slept in an old palazzo—the hotel was crowded—with no locks on the doors, and with windows opening onto a garden; but we did not mind, and rested well.

This morning in two carriages, for there were eight of us, we went for the drive from Sorrento to Amalfi. The road, cut out of the rock, with a balustrade of stone to protect the traveler from the precipice, is regarded as one of the finest pieces of engineering in existence. Sometimes a viaduct, perhaps five hundred feet high, will span a chasm. It winds up and around the mountain, and the view, with the Bay of Naples at its feet, is sublimely picturesque. The almost perpendicular sides of the mountain, between the road on the different levels, are terraced

and planted with olive, lemon, or other fruit trees.

The drive was ended at Vietri about five, and we returned to Naples by train, having



AMALFI

our first glimpse of Pompeii and our first ride on an Italian railway.

NAPLES, May 7.

It rained in torrents all day, but, nothing daunted, we started for the Customs. That sounds very commonplace and innocent, but

it spells a mad, wild sort of a time. In the first place, we had to beg, borrow, and finally to steal a facchino (porter), and induced him to get a boatman to fetch our luggage from the ship, fully a mile out in the bay. We paid him first to show there were no hard feelings, again to get a tarpaulin to cover the luggage, and again and again for—I know not what.

Then we sat down and waited—stood up and waited—purchased all the post-cards in the little café and wrote to every one we knew—waited some more, and, finally—yes, they came. There was another transferring of coins—always from my hand into that of the facchino—then the Customs with its fees, and the cabman with his, and all the time I had to take their word for the change, for I had not mastered the lira.

Before leaving Naples we visited Pompeii. I was disappointed at first with these wonderful ruins. There is much that one must imagine. One must take the word of the guide for everything, and they have a little



STREET SCENE NAPLES

way of "space-filling" which has lost its charm for me. But Pompeii grew on me each moment of my stay. We were taken in a sedan chair carried on the shoulders of two strong peasants. The general appearance is that of a town which had been swept by a tornado, unroofing the houses and leaving only the walls standing. It is on these walls that one finds the exquisite bits of coloring which has given us the Pompeian tints.

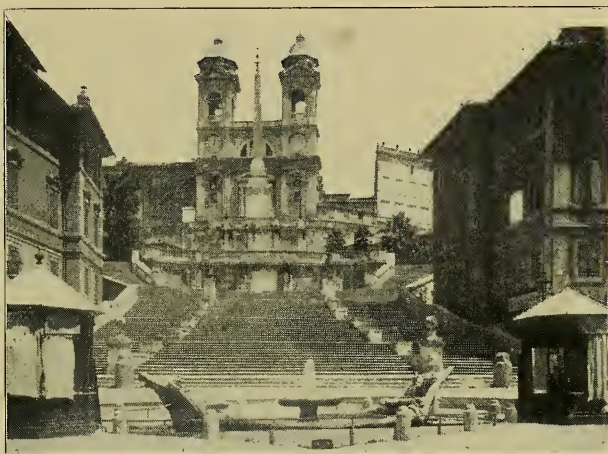
One is lost in amazement surrounded by these ruins of another age, and remembering that the entire city was buried from sight for fifteen centuries.

The following day we visited the poor quarters of Naples, and in the evening took the fashionable drive and saw the Neapolitan "four hundred."

The charm of Naples lies in the wonderful scenery surrounding it and in its street scenes, with the noise and clatter of its street vendors. Life in the poorer quarters is like that in no other city, being free and open to public gaze. All the duties of the household are performed in the street.

72 VIA SISTINA,
ROME, May 12.

The first thing to learn in Rome is the pronunciation of the name of the street and the number of your pension, in order that



SPANISH STEPS

you may be able to get home. Our pronunciation is set-tahn-tah dew-ey vee-ah sis-teen-ah, and the manner with which we hop into a cab and say it to the cocchiere stamps us as old Italians.

Our home here is at the top of the Scala

Di Spagna (Spanish steps), right in the heart of the new town. We walk down the steps every morning as we start out to the American Express office to get our letters, but we come up the "lift"—for ten centimes.

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It is absolutely necessary to be driven about Rome accompanied by a guide, whether one's stay is to be of long or short duration. In no other manner can one comprehensively grasp this vast array of ancient and modern art, nor the colossal expanse of architecture, both standing and in ruins. After having been shown the important places, it is well to return alone, and at leisure ponder over those things which most appeal to the heart as well as to the senses.

We were fortunate in securing the services of one of the best of Roman guides, Signor Seraphino Malespina, and for three days had a carriage to places the names of which take up much of the space in an ancient history.

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The letters from the archbishop have proven of great assistance to me socially. I

have been the guest at a delightful tea in the palazzo Pamphily, on the piazza Navona, and there met the baroness of whom the archbishop spoke. She was most gracious, and speaks English fluently. She has invited me to a very private audience next Sunday.

One evening Father C. paid me a visit, and from him I got a careful explanation of the significance of that much-used word "basilica." Originally it was a portico separated from some public building, not unlike the peristyle at our Columbian Exposition, save that it need not, of necessity, be near any body of water; in fact, it rarely was in the old Roman days. The basilica of the old forums were really walks under cover. In later days these porticos were inclosed and made into churches. The name basilica still clung to them, and now the oblong space forming the main body between the pillars in any church edifice, without regard to the style of architecture, is so called.

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I have read somewhere, in the reveries of a bachelor (not Ik Marvel's), that "style is

born IN a woman and ON a man." I wonder how he knew—perhaps he had been in Rome. The style of the greater number of *foreign* tourists of the female persuasion must be "in," as there is little visible to the naked eye. But the style of these Italian soldiers is "on," indeed, and they are on dress parade the livelong day. I have used all my superlatives, but really in no city on earth does one see such gloriously, exquisitely dressed little men as are the soldiers of Italy, and especially of Rome. The Bersaglieri form the élite corps, and wear a large round hat, with a multitude of cock's plumes, tipped far on one side of the head. This tribute to the swagger appearance of the soldiers is also applicable to the young priests, monks, and students, and even the butlers and footmen.

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On a fête day we went to mass at St. Peters, and were repaid by meeting our Portuguese friends, who took us to drive through the beautiful parks and grounds of the Villa Borghese, returning to luncheon

with us at our pension. This home of ours is a very attractive place, but it tries my soul to be forced to go through a ten-course dinner each night, when I am anxious to get out. The words change or haste are unknown here, and it is only endurable because the dinner is so exquisitely prepared and served.

We have some interesting and clever people at our table; a family from Boston, two dear girls from Washington, a brother and sister from Philadelphia, who have lived here for years, and a beautiful Canadian. The last named sits next me, and our sotto voce conversations have brought out the fact that her heart is full of love for all things. She is Canadian only by birth, and among the array of smartly dressed Americans in the pension, she leads.

I do not wish to be put on record as one who judges a woman solely by her clothes; but oh, the American woman here is incomparable. I agree with Lillian Bell, that the women of no other race can compare with her in dress, or taste, or carriage. She

is bewitching! She is a type! I believe I once told you that we had no type. I take it back. We have, and so glorious an one that I am proud to claim kinship with her.

.

You will be shocked, I am sure, when I tell you that I do not agree with Mr. Howells, nor yet with my beloved Hawthorne, for I love modern Rome. To be sure, Hawthorne wrote of Rome in 1858, and Mr. Howells in 1864, and it may be the shops were not so altogether enticing in those early days, or it may be because they were not women that the shops had no charm for them; but if they had known Castellani, the goldsmith on the piazza di Trevi, who executes designs from the old Grecian, Etruscan, and Byzantine models, or Roccheggiani's exquisite mosaics and cameo carvings, it is probable their opinions would be modified.

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Michelangelo's Moses is not in the big St. Peter's of the Vatican, but in St. Peter's of Vincoli. This was a surprise to me, for I

had supposed to the contrary. I have asked many times, to no avail, why Michelangelo put horns on his Moses, until a learned monk told me that, in an early translation of the scriptures, the word horns was incorrectly given for skin. Notwithstanding the disproportion of its outlines, the gigantic statue is, to me, the most wonderful thing ever cut from a block of marble.

I have done a horribly "American" thing—smuggled my camera into the Capitol, Running the risk of having it confiscated, and got a splendid picture of that exquisite Faun of Praxiteles, made famous by Hawthorne's "Marble Faun."

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We have an ascensor (elevator) in our pension. The big concierge puts me in, locks the door, unlocks the catch, and lets it go. When it gets to my floor it is supposed to stop, and in the same breath to have its door unfastened, and all I have to do is to walk *out*. Sometimes, however, it stops midway between floors, and then I wish I had walked *up*. I find Roman and Spanish

steps just as fatiguing to climb as any others, and patronize the ascensors with vigor.

We went by appointment one day to the



THE MARBLE FAUN

Rospigliosi palazzo to return the visit of our Portuguese friends, Signor and Signora A., and were taken into another part of the palace to see Guido Reni's *Aurora*. The picture is painted on the ceiling, and there is an arrangement of mirrors by which one can view it without having to tire the neck with looking up so constantly. It is the greatest painting that has been done in the last two hundred years. In the evening we all went to hear *Gioconda* at the Teatro Adriano. The Italian audience seemed, by the uproarious applause that greeted each aria, to appreciate the music, but talked continually through it all.

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We have revisited many of the places which most interested us during our three days' drive with the guide about the city, and have whiled away many delightful mornings in the shops. We rest a little in the early part of each afternoon, and then, almost invariably, we drive on the Corso and to the Pincian Gardens, where the band plays from five until an hour after Ave Maria. Here

one sees the smart Romans, and in fact people of nearly every race on earth, in their best attire, on pleasure bent.

It is needless to tell you that we take a carriage *sans numero*, for the private parks of the best palazzos allow only carriages without numbers to enter.

The scene on the Pincio is just what it was in Hawthorne's day. Read his description of it in the "Italian Note Book," and you will see it more clearly than I can make you understand. It is a continual *fête champêtre*.

One day, while we were obliged to stop on account of a jam in the ring of carriages that move slowly round and round the circle where the band plays, Ruth stepped from the vehicle to get nearer the beautiful fountain of Moses to make a little sketch of it. I sat alone listening to the glorious Italian band. And while my thoughts were thousands of miles away, and very near the one to whom this message goes first, some one spoke to me in French, and asked if I would have the goodness to go to his madame. It

was the serving-man of our fellow-voyager, she of the same initials as my own. I looked in the direction he indicated, and there, not ten carriages back, she was, so hemmed in that it was impossible to drive alongside.

As I left my seat and walked over to her, she met me with the radiant face and smiling greeting of an old friend. She is beautiful, with that inimitable something about her that attracts one, and I wondered if I should ever know what her name is. I knew for a certainty that I should never ask. She is not old, but gives one the impression that she has lived long enough to have "gathered the fruits of experience where once blossomed the flowers of youthful enthusiasm."

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The bells for Ave Maria had rung. The musicians were picking up their music. The Pincian Hill was deserted. Ruth sat alone in her carriage as this woman's hand grasped mine in reluctant parting.

"Good night," I said.

"Good night!"

“Somehow or other our pathways met,
How or why let the angels say.
We never helped by a breath the wind
That carried our sails each other’s way.
Call it whatever you will, sweetheart,
Miracles even are christened ‘odd’;
But the touch holds fast where our lives have
crossed,
And the angels know that fate means God.”

HARRIET AXTELL JOHNSTONE.

72 VIA SISTINA, ROME.

You recall my telling you of Mrs. F. on the ship—she whom I met on the Pincian Hill—and her invalid son? Well, he was not her son. He is—her husband.

It will be no breach of confidence to tell you the story, for should you ever meet her, you would never associate that smiling face and austere, calm demeanor with the broken heart they hide.

It seems that the husband, in his youth, was rather “rapid”; and, in a most idiotic will, the father left him a large fortune, provided that, on his twenty-fifth year he had been married to a woman at least ten years his senior. It was stipulated that the woman

was not to know the conditions of the will until after the marriage, so that she might be some one of worth and character, capable of caring for the money.

No wonder it sobered the poor young man. He swore that he would never marry, and that those who were ready to grasp the fortune, should he fail to "keep the bond," might have it, and be—happy.

But fate took him to the home of a class-mate in one of the Eastern college towns, where he met and fell in love with this woman whom I have described to you. He had no idea she was older than himself until he had made her a proposal of marriage. She, of course, refused what she conceived to be a foolish boy's fancy. He sent for his mother, and together they set themselves to win the lady of his choice, after the mother had "looked her up"—and down—as mothers of precious boys are wont to do.

In the mean time the young man was taken very ill, in his delirium calling for his love, who finally, at the physician's urgent request,

came to the bedside, and, with the mother, cared for him.

It had gotten to the day before his twenty-fifth birthday. The mother was frantic at the thought that her convalescent son was to lose his fortune. He cared little for the money, save that it would enable him to shower favors upon this love of his. He begged her to marry him that night to save him from some great trouble—if she ever regretted it for one moment she should be free—that he could not in honor tell her why it was so necessary that the marriage be solemnized at once. She had grown fond of him, yet naturally hesitated to do either him or herself injustice. Finally, his helplessness and his mother's agony proved too much for her, and just before the midnight they were married at the bedside.

And now comes the foolish vow she made a condition of that marriage—that, as soon as he was able they should go abroad, and that she should be known as his mother. It was this pride of hers that wrought all the misery.

In another week they had started for Europe, and I have accounted to you the strange manner in which their names appeared on the ship's register. It served as a safeguard against inquisitive people, and every one took it for granted that they were mother and son—and she a widow.

Everything went merrily for the young husband. He cared not what the world thought so he had her to himself. But not so with the wife. Men are not slow to find so charming a woman, and here in Rome, I fancy, two hearts are bleeding instead of one.

The husband did not improve as they had hoped. She called a physician to whom they had letters—and presto! they find their affinity.

The woman, of course, sees and feels it first, and intends to tell him of her true relation toward the sick man; but one night, after a long hard day at the bedside, he asked her to give him the right to help her care for her son.

It came so fast and unexpectedly that the avowal was made before she could stop it.

No one knows what she said, but somehow he knew she loved him. The next day the true relations of the husband and wife were made public, and shortly after they moved to another part of Rome.

How I hated that doctor when I first learned all this. I had not seen him then, but now I am as sorry for him as for her. He is a splendid fellow—just such a man as she should have for a mate. He is, perhaps, slightly her senior, with a kindly gray eye, and features finely chiseled. He dresses with exquisite quietness, has the atmosphere of a thorough gentleman and a knight of the new chivalry.

But I have had all my worry, as is usual with that sort of thing, for nothing. The doctor has departed for Natal, to battle with his sorrow alone. He is too generous to subject her to the pain of meeting him again. He came to bid me good by, and I have promised to keep him informed of anything that happens to my Lady. Better, I have given him letters to my fair Mary, a charming English woman I met on the house-boat,

who lives there. He is going through the shadows, but I pray he may soon see the lighter tints of blue. A noble-hearted man is the grandest work of God!

72 VIA SISTINA, ROME.

How glad I am that I saw dear old England first, for it seems very young when compared to this. Everything here is twenty centuries or more old, therefore you may imagine that, by comparison, things only a few hundred years old are yet in their infancy. Apropos of age, while at Oxford, the guide, a student, told us with much solemnity, that Magdalen College "was built in 1490 before you were discovered." The doctor said, "Well, what of it?" I was shocked at the good doctor, and was much impressed by its great age; but I understand the doctor's sarcasm now, for he had recently returned from Rome.

The "oldest church in Rome," however, reminds one of "the favorite pupil of Liszt." I am meeting with them still.

The most magnificent place in Rome, after the Vatican, is the Villa Borghese (bor-gay-zay), not only on account of the beautiful park which contains numerous ornamental structures, little temples, ruins, fountains, and statues, but also on account of the collection of antiques in its casino, or gallery. It is here that Canova's marble statue of Pauline Borghese is exhibited, to me, the most beautiful marble in Rome. Here, too, is Titian's first great work, Sacred and Profane Love. I fear that Titian saw life from many viewpoints.

Imagine one going from the sublime to the ridiculous—from the gorgeous Borghese Villa to a Rag Fair. A Rag Fair is an open-air sale of everything that can be thought of, from a garter-clasp to a diadem. We went for old brass candlesticks of the seven-pronged, sacred variety, afterwards continuing on to St. Peter's to have some things blessed. I am afraid the pope's blessing was nullified by the looks of the attendant when we gave him the fee which we thought ample for his trouble.



CANOVA'S PAULINE BONAPARTE BORGHESE

We were repaid for mounting an incline of 1,332 feet up through the dome of St. Peter's by the view of all Rome, the Vatican gardens and the pope walking in them on that beautiful sunshiny morning.

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Mrs. F. joins us quite often now. Her husband is gaining every day, and she has been so constantly in the sick-room that he begs her to go out. She is very original, and reminds me of Harrie with her clever sayings. The other day she wrote me a note asking if she might come to see me for a few moments, adding, "the only place I breathe below my tonsils is in your room." I do not know if she knows that I know (*à la Cranford*) of her secret or not, but this I *do* know, she has a beautiful soul, and my heart bleeds for her.

She asked me one day, if I thought it possible for a married woman to have gentlemen friends, or comrades, and still be true to her husband and herself. I was about to reply "yes," when I bethought myself of Harrie's answer to a similar question, so I

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said, "The woman could, but the man, never!"

"I'm afraid you have not known all sorts of men; I know men who are as good and true as any woman," she replied.

"There you mistake me," I said, "for I have known good and true men, so many, in fact, that I would trust them before women in everything but love."

"I thought it was in love that men shone."

"It is, but not the sort of love they give to married women," I replied.

She went with us Thursday to the church San Paola alle Tre Fontane (St. Paul of the three fountains). It is kept by Trappist monks, a silent order. They never speak to each other, but make up for it when visitors come. We had a dear "brother" show us the objects of interest, and he presented each with a wee drinking-glass to measure out the Eucalyptus wine which they make there, and which, thank heavens, I can drink.

You know how stupid I am about what I drink, and it is even worse over here. It

makes me have "ingrowing nerves" to be obliged to explain why I do not drink this or that. I believe I love Mrs. F. because she never asks "why."

The three fountains are flowing clear as crystal, and whether or not the head of St. Paul jumped three times on these spots, as tradition has it, it matters little; but the simple faith of the sweet-faced sisters who knelt and drank from each spring and arose freed from some claim was touching, and far from provoking the mirth that some people feel toward these devout pilgrims.

En route home we stopped at the English cemetery and plucked a flower from the grave of Keats and of Shelley and of Constance Fenimore Woolson.

We saw Hilda's tower, too, that day. I had occasion to thank Hawthorne, and incidentally Ida Belle, for "The Marble Faun" and "Italian Note Book," otherwise I should not have been able to relate the story of Hilda and her tower. In truth, all Italy would have remained as a closed book to me had it not been for my three "H's," as Ruth

calls them—Hawthorne, Howells, and Hutton. The latter says, in his "Literary Landmarks of Rome," that the "Italian Note Book" is still the best guide to Rome that



BASILICA, ST. PAUL'S (WITHOUT THE WALLS)

has ever been written, and that one should read it before coming, again while here, and yet once more after returning home.

I shall say the same about the Landmarks, for without them, much of the charm I have found here would have been lost.

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Yesterday we bade St. Peter's good by on our way to Sant' Onofrio. Here, again, a bright young frère showed us over the church made most interesting from its association with Tasso. There are some excellent paintings in the lunettes under the colonnade of the cloisters.

It is a great pleasure to show Mrs. F. anything. Her appreciation is keen. She knew little of the literary landmarks which she passed each day. I had pointed out to her the house where Keats lived, on the left as one goes down the Spanish steps, the house of Shelley on the right, with the lodgings occupied by Byron almost directly opposite.

On our return from Sant' Onofrio, she inquired of the coachman if the horses were tired, and upon his answering that they were good for several hours, she turned and in a low voice asked me to remain with her as long as possible. I understood. From a list of streets and numbers which I had with me, we selected such as we wished to visit.

On the via di Bocca di Leona we found the

home of the Brownings; close by, the house that sheltered Thackeray in Rome; and not far away, the place where Adelaide Sartoris lived. In rapid succession then we made "little journeys" to the Italian homes of Louise Alcott, Helen Hunt Jackson, George Eliot, and the house where Mrs. Jamison held Sunday soirées in a wee two-by-four room. We should have been going yet, I do believe, had not my back and front bone met with hunger; but my precious friend had been saved from herself. Mr. Hutton and I did good work, for after all other sights had failed to interest, our (?) literary landmarks succeeded in saving the day.

GRAND HOTEL DELLE BELLE ARTI,
CORSO CAVOUR,
ORVIETO.

After the rather strenuous day, the account of which closed my last letter, we settled up our affairs in Rome, heard for the last time the pope's angel choir, sent off our luggage to Boulogne-sur-Mer, purchased our tickets through to that port, with innumerable stop-

overs, which cost two hundred and sixty-two liras—the tickets, not the stop-overs—and, hardest of all, bade good by to our friends.

Just before we were leaving, Mrs. F.'s footman brought to the door of our compartment in the traveling carriage an armful of roses and a letter. The flowers brightened all the hot dusty day—but the letter—oh, that letter will brighten all the years that may come to me, and I have tucked the precious words away in the warmest corner of my heart, to be taken out on the rainy days of life and fondled like some of childhood's memories.

I did not see her again after she left me at the door that evening, nor had she spoken one word to indicate that she knew that I knew. She paid me the highest tribute of friendship—silence.

Among other things in the letter, she said: "The Catholic Church has not a monopoly of 'ears that hear yet hear not, eyes that see and are blind,' for I find in you one who is built fine-grained enough not to mistake silence for stupidity, nor to consider the ab-

sence of an interrogation mark as lack of sympathy. . . . You need never be ashamed of your tears. Large natures fill to the brim, and sometimes, of necessity, overflow. At such times, God pity us if our friends (?) must needs stand round with pitchers to catch all they can and carry it home for family use. The very evident fact that your beautiful companion knows nothing of my sorrow stamps you as a splendid friend, and I want you for such. . . . God may have been in a just mood, but he was not in a merciful one, when he made woman and put her in the same world with man.

“. . . I am a bundle of tangled wonderings this morning, that I am too weary to unravel. . . . This is not an ‘interesting landmark,’ nor yet an ‘Italian journey’—it is a thorny path, which I must travel alone with bleeding feet. Your going has taken away my strongest staff. You have been bravely permitting me to lean on you, too hard I fear, these last days, but you understand—you understand—and understanding—forget! . . .

“I should come to you in person to bid you good-speed, but I should break down and only poison your day with my gloom, so I am sending you this—non-conductor.”

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I left the Eternal City with a heavy heart. I would remain there forever, if you were only there; but, if you were, you would probably be a priest. I would rather be there myself and you earning the bread in some other place.

My new heart's-sister (new if we count friends by that base estimate—time) remains amid all the grandeur of ancient, and all the fascinations of modern, Rome!

.

No wonder Mrs. Ward sent her weakest heroine here to hide. If you ever lose me, and suspect that I am in hiding, hunt for me in Orvieto, though it is doubtful if your search would be successful. I had heard nothing of the place until I read Eleanor, but now, if I were a guide-book, I'd put five asterisks before it and six in front of it's cathedral. You will understand how I feel

about it when I tell you that most of the guide-books never use more than two stars to indicate the superlative. Loomis, in his wildest flights, sometimes uses three, so I think five would about fit my estimation of the Orvieto of to-day. The Duomo is built of alternate courses of black and white stone, the first of that sort I have seen, with a façade gorgeous with marble sculpture and mosaics.

The town is on the top of a mountain, up the almost perpendicular sides of which it is reached by a funicolare (cable tramway).

SIGNORA ELVINA SACCARO'S,
PENSION TOGNAZZI,
VIA SALLUTIO BANDINI 19,
SIENA, ITALIE.

I wish I might live here, on this street and in this pension, and have it all on my visiting-cards, and write it in my best style at the top of my letters. If it were engraved on my visiting-cards, and you should wish to come to see me, you would simply have to say to the cabman, "See-nyee-o-rah — Al-vee-nyee-

ah — Sah-chah-ro — Pe'n-see-yo' — Tog-natz-zee — Vee-ah — Sal-lut-chio — Bahn-dee-nee — Dee-chee-ah-no-vay." That's all, the last word being nineteen; but the entire address doesn't include the beautiful cloisters into which my windows open, for the place is an old monastery.

The first I ever knew of Siena was from one of Lilian Whiting's books. She spoke of Symonds' history, and Mrs. Butler's biography of Katherine of Siena, and straightway I devoured them both. How little I thought then that I should walk the same streets and kneel at the same altar at which that saint knelt. I like her the best of all the saints "I have met," for she loved to be alone and think things and build castles.

Siena is a rival of Rome and Florence in mediæval art and architecture. The churches are wonderfully beautiful, and filled with the choicest works of ancient and modern artists. The marble pavement and the carved white marble pulpit in the cathedral cannot be equaled.

PENSION RICCIOLI,
CORSO DEI TINTORI, 71,
FLORENCE, ITALY.

Three weeks in the art center of the world and not one letter written! The note-book, however, is getting so fat that it begs to be put on paper and sent away to you. My bank account is correspondingly lean, made so partly by the purchase of pretty *carte-postales* which carry the telegraphic messages across the sea, just to show that I'm alive, and that a letter is coming some fine day.

If my *porte-monnaie* were not so *très maigre*, I'd buy many copies of Howell's "Tuscan Cities," Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of Florence," Ruskin's "Mornings in Florence," Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence," and Mrs. Browning's "The Casa Guidi Windows," and send to each of you with this inscription: "These are my sentiments."

It was with a sense of lazy delight that we wandered about Siena, watching the peasant women in their picturesque head-coverings, inhaling the atmosphere of mediæval art and the restfulness that comes with it. In the

same leisurely manner, armed with numerous Leghorn straws, we turned our faces northward, and found pleasant rooms awaiting us here.

Our house number reads as I have written it, but being translated signifies only the front entrance. Our windows look out on the Arno, and to the right I see the Ponte Vecchio—to the left, a *bella vista* which ends at Fiesole.

The new Florence is broad and white and glistening: the old, is narrow, dark and massively rich. The Arno, like the Tiber, is a yellowish green. Its eight bridges are unique, ancient, and historic. The Lungarno, down which we walk each morning, is odd and fascinating. It has on the Arno side a marble balustrade—on the other, little shops displaying jewels and precious stones which would tempt the soul of a female angel Gabriel. The display of turquoise, of which stone Florence is the home, is ravishing, yet sometimes—once, I think—we really go by without entering. The day we did not go in, however, we went by appointment to one

of the shops on the Tornabuoni, where were arrayed some gorgeous ancient chains and rings of scarabs, the cartouche of which proved them to belong to some Egyptian potentate.

The piazza della Signoria forms the center of Florence. It is surrounded by the Palazzo Vecchio, the Uffizi, and the Loggia dei Lanzi. In the center is the fountain of Neptune. It was in this piazza that Savonarola was burned.

In the buildings just named, each a masterpiece of architectural beauty, are found many of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the world. Florence overflows with so much that is ornate, it were difficult to make selections. Like poor Helen,

“Were the whole world mine, Florence being bated,
I’d give it all to be to her translated.”

Sometimes I think if I could have but one of these gems of architecture, I’d choose the Duomo, with its graceful façade and its campanile; but when I cross the street to the Baptistery of San Giovanni, and gaze at its bronze doors, I change my mind, and give it

first place. And thus the gods of art and beauty wrench my soul each day from one love to another.

Now it is Santa Croce, with its wondrous wealth of marbles, where Ruskin—and I—spent many happy hours; but soon Santa Maria Novella has outshone them all, until the loveliness of the Medicean chapel wins my heart anew.

Alas, so weak am I, that all the cathedrals sink into obscurity when the Uffizi Palazzo, with its Tribune, is seen. It holds the one perfect woman—the Uffizi Venus. The Pitti palace and the Boboli gardens; the Bargello, with its unique staircase and court; the Riccardi—in truth, all the wealth of incomparable grandeur of artistic Florence have their place in my affections.

The wealth, beauty, and royalty of Florence are seen on the fashionable driveway. The Cascine is to Florence what the Pincio is to Rome. There, in the late afternoon, society drives back and forth along the bank of the Arno, listening to the music of a military band.



STAIRWAY, BARGELLO PALACE

It is of little consequence how the artist gives expression to his soul's dream—whether by pencil, pen, brush, chisel, or voice, in marble, painting, song, or story—Florence is the home of them all.

And Fiesole, ah, Fiesole by moonlight! I have walked up the Fiesolian hill, and taken the little electric tram, but last night I took you with me in a carriage. The others did not know you were there, so you and I “cuddled down” on the back seat. You held my hand and said never a word, but by that same blessed silence I knew you were drinking in the beauty of it all.

As the strong horses pulled up the mountain side, you and I looked back at Florence. She lay off in the distant shadows, with the Arno at her feet—the Arno, no longer a yellow, muddy stream, but a glistening, silvery ribbon, with the moonbeams dancing merrily on its phantom-like bridges. The towers and turrets were transformed into marble lace; the statues to golden cupids; the chimney-tops formed bas-reliefs; and the whole, a misty shadow-picture. Even Florence was

improved by the witchery of "that old man in the moon." The silvery unrealness of it cast a spell over us, making—

" . . . The longing heart yearn for
Someone to love, and to be
Beloved of someone."

That's why I took you with me.

When the top was reached we looked only at the fairyland in the distance. It is difficult to idealize an ordinary little village, even if it be Tuscan, and this one has nothing to recommend it but a cathedral and some picturesque beggars.

Returning another way, we passed Boccaccio's villa, and in fancy, saw his merry party of lords and ladies seated in the arbors looking out towards La Bella Firenze over the now golden river Arno.

Thus it was I left you in Florence. I could not find you when Ruth called out, "Are you going back with the cab, honey?"

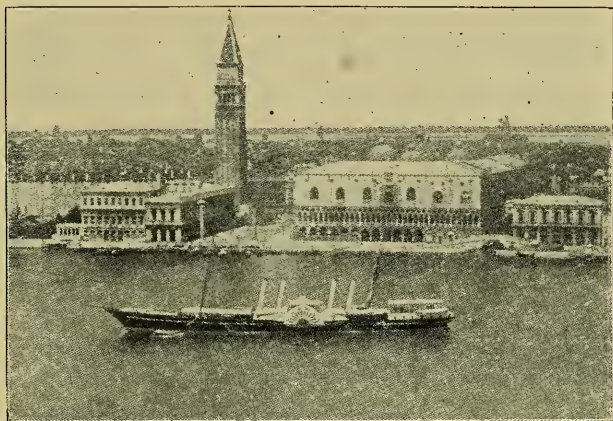
HOTEL DE ROMA ET
PENSION SUISSE,
CANAL-GRANDE, VENICE.

If Florence was left behind in a memory of purple mist, the highroad between it and Bologna would awaken the most poetic person. The word highroad is a little creation of my own in this connection, but I feel sure you will believe it to be "high" when I tell you that Florence lies at the foot of the Apennines and Bologna at the summit; and that the railway is, by some miracle of engineering, built up through and around these mountains. We threaded forty-five tunnels, swung around numberless viaducts, crawled over heart-stilling trestleworks connecting one peak with another, and finally came out on top, much dirty and more tired.

We arrived in Venice at twelve o'clock, midnight, at the full of the moon. It cannot be compared with my Florentine dream, for while they are both exquisitely lovely, they are different. There is nothing on earth quite like Venice by moonlight.

All things lose perspective at close range,

or in the glare of the sun's rays, and Venice shares this disenchantment. It matters little what or how much one has read of Venice—to realize its charm, its color scheme, and



VENICE

its uniqueness it must be experienced. For Venice is not a thing, it is an experience.

We owned a gondola for a week. We lived in it, and I, sometimes, slept in it while we were being wafted from one place to another.

There is the usual—oh, no! there is noth-

ing usual in Venice—cathedral, as in all cities, but St. Mark's stands out first and forever as, The Church of all churches. My first glimpse of this pile of precious stones was unexpected and most dramatic to me.

There were no letters that morning, and I was just walking—I did not care where or on what. What's beauty and loveliness compared to One letter? An arcade blocked the way, and not knowing—not caring—where it led, I passed in and through it. Chancing to look up, I found myself in the light of day, and straight before me, ablaze with the sunlight full on its façade, was a structure of lavish Oriental magnificence.

“What is that?” I cried aloud.

“San Marco!” answered a number of soft musical voices in unison; and there stood by my side a little crowd of Italians, their dark eyes sparkling and white teeth showing, evidently pleased at my adoration, and most likely used to such surprises; I found out afterwards that the words “What's that” was all the English they knew.

“San M-ahr-co, San M-ahr-co,” they

drawled in delight. For once their pleasure was real; they did not break the spell upon me by holding out the hand for a *pourboire*.

St. Mark's is Moorish in design, and has a coloring both gorgeous and subdued. The richness of jewels and costly stones do not seem out of place here as in many Roman churches. Nothing could be too precious, too sumptuous, too rare, for this temple magnificent.

The piazza of St. Mark's is a square paved with trachyte and marble. It has the church on one side, and on the other sides, old white marble palaces, in the arcades of which are now found shops of world-wide renown. The piazzetta leads one, between the Doge's palace and *Libreria Vecchia*, to the Grand Canal.

Every evening a military band plays in the square, where thousands of tables and chairs are set out, by the owners of the cafés, in the arcades. It is like a vast, open-air drawing-room with a huge masquerade ball in full tilt.

We climbed the *Campanile* and saw, be-



ST. MARK'S

sides a beautiful sunset, the Alps, the Adriatic, and in the dim distance, the Istrian Mountain rising out of the sea.

With but one day to give to Venice, or with a whole year at your disposal, there is only one thing to do—dream! Whether you rest in a gondola on the Lagune, drifting past the Bridge of Sighs, the Rialto, the Ghetto, or the Lido, listening to the gondolier calling out the names of the palaces as the boat glides by, or whether you stroll idly through the miles of churches and galleries containing the paintings, or sit in wondering awe before the vast area of mosaics in St. Mark's—it matters little—dream!

In truth, one cannot well avoid it, amid the “subtle, variable, inexpressible coloring of transparent alabaster, of polished Oriental marbles and of lusterless gold,” as Ruskin puts it.

HOTEL D'ITALIE,
AU BORD DU LAC COMO.

Heavens! Just think of *me* writing “Como” at the top of my letters! I have

pinched myself to see if I am really alive and here. The unreality of it all recalls what Mr. Howell's said after reading Ruskin: "Just after reading his description of St. Mark's, I, who had seen it every day for three years, began to doubt its existence." So I am beginning to doubt my own existence.

The morning we left Venice I was nearly arrested by a man in a cocked hat, and on account of two other men in sailor hats. In short, I overstepped the etiquette of the gondolier most woefully. Our train left at the fetching hour of six, so I made an appointment with our trustworthy Pietro to come for us in time. I think I have told you that the word "haste" is an unknown quantity here, and when Pietro was not at the door ten minutes before the time to start, I had the clerk call another gondola. As we were about to step into the boat, Pietro was seen drifting idly toward our hotel.

He wasn't very indolent when he saw what was going on, and those two "sunsets" (I think that is my own, for in a sunset, do you not see the day-go?) danced several kinds of

jigs up and down and sidewise, before me. Several others came to their assistance, among them the aforesaid cocked-hatted individual.



THE LIDO, LOOKING TOWARD VENICE

I told the clerk to tell them that I wished to conform to the rules, and to settle it their way. A summer breeze could not have been calmer than all became in the twinkling of an eye, but the cause of the calm was appar-

ent when I settled the bill. Their understanding of "settling it their own way" was to pay each of them, including the cocked-hat, but that was better than languishing in a dungeon for ever so little a time, *n'est-ce pas, mon cher?*

Since then Milan has been visited—Milan, with its mammoth marble cathedral done in Irish-point pattern and with a papier-maché interior—but beautiful withal. Several days were spent at Menaggio on this lovely lake. Another at Villa Carlotta, where Canova's original and divinely beautiful marble Cupid and Psyche, stands in all its purity. Many more, sailing up and down these enchanting waters, made green by the reflection of the forest on the mountains surrounding, and by the grounds of the wealthy Milanese, whose summer villas line its banks.

Vineyards are scattered along the mountain side in terraces, and the brilliant green of the chestnut and walnut trees is blended with the dull grayish green of the olive and laurel.

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What is it that the poet says "makes all men kin"? I really cannot recall it, but it must have been meeting a well-known face in a foreign land. Some years since, in the western part of America, I met the charming and accomplished Mrs. G. Our lives merely touched, and we separated. Later, I met her in London, just before she was presented to the Queen. Last May, in Rome, she recognized my voice in the gardens of Doria Pamphili, and now here, on the little boat which plies between the hotels on the banks of these heavenly waters, we greet each other again.

HOTEL D'ESPAGNA,
DOMODOSSOLA.

Lake Lugano and Lake Maggiore are beautiful sheets of water, but they lack the romantic atmosphere of Como. I can recall no other description so pleasing to the heart as well as the fancy as the eulogy to these lakes in Mrs. Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter." And, by the by, every one is

reading it over here. How is it taking in America? I think it the strongest book of the year.

Rural Italy must be seen, to be appreciated, by tram, by boat, by steam, by old-fashioned diligence, and on foot. Its lakes and mountains, its valleys and vineyards, have been a source of continual surprise to me, and it is with a feeling of keenest regret that our last place in Italy is reached.

Switzerland

“Fair Switzerland, thou art my theme,
Thy praise by day, by night my dream.
My swelling heart with rapture speaks;
I love thy lakes and snow-capped peaks.
Thy wooded glens my thought recalls,
Thy mountain paths and waterfalls.
With praises I my verse adorn
Of Jungfrau and the Matterhorn.
Thy moon-lit nights and sun-lit days,
For thee in song, my voice I raise.
Thy name for right and freedom stand—
I love thee, dear old Switzerland.”

ROLAND PHELPS MARKS.

SWITZERLAND

HOTEL BEAU-RIVAGE,
LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.



Ah, Kate! dear old friend of my childhood! How little I thought that night in June, when you stood up and told the audience "Beyond the Alps lies Italy," that some day those same Alps would lie between us. We have not only been "beyond,"

but over them.

The soft pink glow of the early dawn hung over the village of Domodossola as the start was made for Switzerland.

Our caravan consisted of four diligences, two luggage vans, and a mounted guide, who knew every inch of the pass. He galloped from coach to coach, hurling his instructions, like death warrants, to occupants and drivers, what to do in case of danger.

Above the blowing of horns, the ringing of bells, and the answering shouts from the

coaches, this guide's last command rang out loud and clear, "Keep close together! Follow me! Come!"

It was all as uncertain as life itself. How blindly and with what enthusiasm we enter the race, knowing nothing of what the day may bring! The creaking diligences started away with their freight of human souls, to follow—follow to what? God only knows.

Again, as in life—up and up—on and on—higher and higher—until the summit is reached at noon-day, and as the shadows lengthened in the waning of the day, we began the descent.

That morning as the purple village was left behind, the road grew narrow and clung close to the mountain side. So close, indeed, did we but stretch out the hand ever so little, we would touch its ruggedness. Sometimes the road widened into a mountain village, but ever and always on the other side was the deep, dark abyss. It varied in depth and blackness, or was filled with some mountain torrent, but the gloom was always there.

The mountains themselves often smiled down on us, or laughed outright, as some sparkling, bubbling cascade could no longer keep within the channel time had worn for it in the rocky slope; yet the same rippling waterfall that had danced right merrily down from its snowy source, became stern and cruel after it had crossed the road under us and joined the somberness of the cavern.

If the glare of the sun partially dispelled the glamour the moon had cast over Venice, how vastly more does close proximity to the Alpine village of song and story dissipate its charm. As every gleam of sunshine must cast a shadow somewhere, so the splendor of the Alps must needs be balanced by the materiality of its inhabitants.

Of the forty miles from Domodossola, Italy, to Brigue, Switzerland, the first ten perhaps is almost entirely inhabited. These people live on the road, their huts snuggling close to the mountain. The little patches of ground that are tilled lie straight up the mountain side, and upon these sides, too, their sheep graze. One of the witcheries of

the region is the tinkling of the tiny bells tied around the necks of the sheep.

Before reaching Iselle, where the customs is paid, the longest of the Simplon tunnels is passed through, and a block of granite marks the boundary line between the two countries.

Along the route the drivers had often to call out, that the women and children might make way for the coaches. The children would offer fruit or flowers, running along with the vehicles and calling out the little English that had been picked up—"Good-a-bye!" "Kiss-a-me!" "Hur-rah up!" but the smiles soon turned to tears if no pennies were thrown to them.

Sometimes in the distance there seemed to be a mammoth pile of rock or debris obstructing the roadway, which on being approached, was found to be part of an avalanche tunneled out for the passageway. These are termed "galleries" to distinguish them from the usual tunnels.

Away up on a high point an old hospice is seen, to be reached only by pedestrians.

These are refuges for the mountain-climbers, and particularly for those injured. Some of them were built by Napoleon, others by monks, and yet others by those who have lost friends in the mountains.

Far up among the clouds is a bridge resembling a tiny toy. Long hours afterwards when the summit of the peak is reached, and when the road seems to end abruptly, the bridge comes into view again spanning some yawning gulf. Then it is that the guide goes over first, alone, and each coach follows slowly, careful that but one be on the structure at the same time.

Once while crossing from one peak to another, the gorge below seemed filled with white smoke. The guide pointed it out as something rarely seen save in the early morning. It was the clouds. Some thousands of feet below these same clouds were above us—we were now above them.

The sensation was awful. "Look!" "Look!" cried the guide, pointing down into the moraine. The clouds had separated, and the rain could be seen pouring on a little

village far below, while the sun shone bright on us.

"Where is that rain coming from?" asked a passenger. "God only knows," replied the guide.

The sunshine is not warm among these snowclad peaks. It was bitter cold. The crunching of the snow under the iron hoofs of the horses was the only sound to be heard.

At the village of Simplon where luncheon was served, and where the horses were changed, the luggage vans were raided for warm wraps and rugs.

Half a mile from the village of Simplon the remains of a big avalanche were encountered. Men were at work clearing the roadway and the guide ordered every one to dismount and walk across, the drivers leading the horses.

When "the road grew wider," it should not make a mental picture of a broad roadway. It is wide only in comparison with the narrow mountain pass, cut out of the side of the cliff, making a sort of ridge of suffi-

cient width to permit but one vehicle at a time. There are places cut deeper into the rock so that two may pass. A stone parapet runs along the ledge next to the precipice to prevent accidents should the wheels come too near the edge.

At the highest point, 6,600 feet, this parapet was broken. An accident to a private carriage had caused the break, and resulted in loss of life. The workmen who were repairing the wall had been called to assist in clearing the lower road of the avalanche over which we had been obliged to walk.

It was at this point that one of our horses balked. The road, so narrow that it scarcely permitted the passage of the diligence—the parapet entirely gone for a distance of many feet—the gorge, deep and black, with a roaring torrent, too far down to be seen—the very heavens weeping at our misery—here it was, the horse chose to become unmanageable.

The two in the box seat behind the driver did not realize what was happening until a shriek from some one in the body of the coach

caused the entire party to turn. The driver yelled "Jump! Jump toward the mountain-side."

God grant that rarely on human sight may dawn such a scene, horrible only to those who had occupied the coach a second before. The back wheels were over that fearful ledge, the diligence just tottering. One moment more, made heavy by its human load, one quiver of the now terrified beasts, and the whole would have been engulfed in the depths of that seething torrent.

We had jumped at the first word of command—jumped as one body. One second and it would have been too late. And the old coach, relieved of our burden, had balanced itself in an almost human manner, as if it, too, clung to life.

We stood crouching away from the gorge against the wet side of the rock, the driver unnerved, one horse sick, another unruly, and the leader balky. The entire cavalcade had begun the descent, and there was no stopping when once under way until a valley was reached some seven miles below. There

was nothing to do but wait, and pray that the guide would miss us and send help.

The awesomeness of that scene had time to imprint itself on my very soul, for the hours spent on that Alpine peak, I count as the most stirring *years* of my life.

Help came, or I should not be writing this. But, grateful and overjoyed as we were to see a fresh horse and two men on its back, coming to our aid, the result was even more terrifying than the present experience.

The guide had missed us when, as was his wont, at the first stop, he galloped back from coach to coach. Fortunately it was near a hospice, where he procured two men and a powerful horse, and sent them after us.

Surely God had,

“One arm 'round thee,
And one 'round me,
To keep us near.”

The driver and his helper had hardly dismounted from the back of the new horse when the wild creature reared around, and started on a mad gallop down the slope. He tripped, thank heavens, on a strap that had

become loosened from his trappings, and was caught.

That the new driver was a fiend was apparent from the cruel manner in which he treated the runaway. I am still uncertain what his excuse was for living. He was so hideous he was unique. After he had pounded the horses he turned his attention to the passengers. Ruth and I were ordered out of the box seat into the coach. It was impossible to crowd us all inside, and he was obliged to submit to our remaining above. The hood was closed, the boot drawn up, and we were strapped securely to our seats. The doors were locked on those inside. These were his instructions from the guide.

The three drivers mounted in front of us, and, while we were thankful to be in the open air, and to be able to view the wonderful scenery around us, we were also compelled to witness the inhuman treatment of the animals.

In this manner we began the descent.

The fiend had the reins and the long whip, the others had prods, and used them on the

balky and the sick horse. The fresh horse took the lead, dragging the others after him. On, and on, and on we flew, now under wild-roaring cataracts, whose waters thundered down on the rocky roof of the tunnels under them—now over frail bridges, which trembled with our speed—now down slippery, ice-covered stretches. They did not stop at the first plateau, fearing, I suppose, they would never get the horses started again.

The fiendish shouts of the drivers, the cries of the occupants, locked inside the coach, the swaying and groaning of the old diligence, the almost human moans of the ailing horse, and the audible heaving of the others, blended with the warning cries of the natives, who stood aside, aghast at our mad speed.

Down, down, down! The white peaks grow fainter and fainter, until they are lost in the blue mist. The incline becomes less steep. The little farms look like window-panes set up in air, and the sun goes down behind the purple mountains. The beautiful valley of the Rhone spread out be-

low, like a celestial vision. The sun, which has hidden its face from us behind the walls of rock at our side, is shining clear and strong on the sublime scene.

Suddenly, after a long curve had been rounded, the Rhone, bathed in a flood of golden fire, comes into view. Across the yawning gulf the mountains, on the other side, take on the same glorious hue.

It is the Alpine glow!

Yet on and down we go, never stopping the wild pace until the horses dash into the courtyard of the inn at Brigue, and one of them falls lifeless.

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

Switzerland is one of the places whose charm is enhanced by the glare of the sun. But Switzerland does not have many opportunities to endure glare of anything, for it rains almost continually. The "weeping skies of Ireland" cannot compare with it.

Lake Geneva, as it winds around Lausanne, is extremely pretty, and lake Lucerne

has quite the most picturesque surroundings possible. It nestles down among the Alps, with Rigi on one side and the beautiful town on the other. And Lucerne is a beautiful town, built in a curve in the Alps, with towers and battlements on its walls. Sailing away from it, it presents a picture altogether different from anything else I have seen.

It took some days for me to recover from that mad ride down the mountains. After the effects of it had passed, I could but think how very near the ludicrous is the sublime.

Death by climbing up or falling down these Alpine heights would be, perhaps, romantic; but to be backed over a precipice by a common balky horse could not be otherwise than ignominious.

Now, too, I recall some of those senseless questions women ask. One woman cried, "Oh, where will we go if that harness breaks?" The fiend replied, "Not knowing your past life, Madam, I can't say. I'm pretty sure, though, where I'll go."

GRAND HOTEL VICTORIA,
AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND.

I have actually found some places that I do not like, and I am glad of it. I have used up all my adjectives and exclamations. I did not care for Zurich, and many of the Rhine towns found no favor in my eyes. I saw most of them only from the river about which we have heard so much that, naturally, it failed in the realization of my anticipations. Besides, it rained much of the time.

Heidelberg, Dusseldorf, and Mayence are splendid. I mean to return to them some day and enjoy them at my leisure.

The small portion of Germany which I have seen reminds me of America, and the railways there have quite the best service in Europe.

I overheard a conversation between two American girls on the boat up—or down—the Rhine. Every time I say “up” the other person says “Down, wasn’t it?” and when I change it to “down” I am asked “Up, wasn’t it?”

The first girl was saying, in a tired-to-

death manner, "I saw EVERY church in Rome!"

"Ah, indeed! How long a time did you spend in Rome? You knew, did you not, that there are over four hundred churches there?" sarcastically asked the other.

"Four hundred!" shouted the first girl, never noticing the sarcasm, "four hundred! I'll bet I tramped through a thousand!"

I can sympathize with that first girl.

The cathedral at Cologne is very fine. It is built in two distinct styles of architecture. The legend runs that the first architect sold his soul to the devil for plans unlike any other church in the world. When he had it half finished he disappeared, and the plans with him.

I suppose he and the devil became too well acquainted with each other, and perhaps he ran in to see him every day—which is enough to tire even the devil himself—so he put the architect out of the way. Be that the case or not, the church was commenced in 1248, and only recently finished, in a modern fashion.

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What a difference it makes to have a friend residing in a foreign city. I posted a letter to Marie from Cologne, and as I was breakfasting the morning of my arrival here her visiting-card was brought to me. She has made our stay in this quaint city a bright green spot in the oasis of hotel life and hustling for one's self.

You remember she was but a girlish bride when I first met her, and she has improved with a maturer grace of person. Both she and her handsome husband have that calm, quiet, but delightful, formal charm of manner which distinguishes the cultured foreigner.

She has driven us over this picturesque old town; taken us to the palaces, and to the Royal Rijks museum. We have walked with her through her favorite haunts in the parks. She has made a martyr of herself and showed us through the shops—and have you ever heard of the lovely shops of Amsterdam? But, best of all, we have had a bit of home life, and Marie, bless her heart! has given us the first cup of real coffee we have

had since we left home—with real cream in it, too!

I cannot tell you much in detail about the splendid school of art here, for—let me whisper it to you—I did not get a guide-book of



AMSTERDAM

Holland. Marie and her good husband left little for us to glean. But this I *do* know, that, in all our travels, no more comprehensive and beautiful collection of art treasures have we found.

The building itself is magnificent, and the masterpieces are all Flemish. I gladly re-

tract what I said, in Paris, of Rubens. His "Helen Fourment," Rembrandt's "The Night-Watch," and a portrait by Van Dyke are among those which I recall.

Holland is a quaintly picturesque country. Everything that Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, that exquisite word-etcher as well as painter, has said of it is true.

But the language! And the money! Oh, the money is impossible.

Now, I call Ruth a brilliant woman, and one vastly above the average intellectually; and you know that, while I'm not an expert accountant, I can do "sums" once in a while. Well, neither of us have learned to pronounce nor do we yet know, the value of the thing which takes the place of the franc. It is spelled g-u-l-d-e-n—most Americans call it gilder, but it is no more like that than it is like horse. In fact, it is not unlike the last word, when a native gets his tongue around it.

As to its value! I have taken goods for it to the value of a penny and of a half-dollar. I simply take the change given me and go.

The other, like Thoreau's friend, has both the first word and the last. How awful! A woman can never talk back in this language.

HOTEL BELLE-VUE ET FLANDRE,
BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard tells, in one of his Little Journeys, how, when his ship landed in Antwerp at eleven o'clock in the morning, he walked to the hotel and awakened the landlord from his early morning nap in order to get some breakfast. I cannot speak from experience as to what hour they arise, but I do know, from very close association with the people, that they do not know what sort of money they use.

At the door of the cathedral, where we went to see Rubens' *chef-d'œuvre*, The Descent from the Cross, the woman at the door refused to take one of those coins of which I do not know the value; but, when I tried a little dramatic action, and turned to go, she took it very readily, and permitted us to enter. The same scene was gone through

at the door of the really exquisite museum; but it did not work at the station.

We were using all our Belgian coins before going into France, and had saved enough for the porters at the station where we had left our hand luggage. The porter who brought our luggage from the train into the station had accepted the coin we gave him. The one we secured to carry them out to the train had reached our compartment, and demanded his money.

I counted out the coins, which he refused. We had no other money. I tendered him a book, and finally my watch. He still refused, and would not permit us to put the things in the compartment. There was no woman in sight, and foreign men are so different from our countrymen that we could not bring ourselves to ask aid from them; besides, we did not speak Flemish.

It was absolutely necessary that we reach Brussels that night, and had we gone back and gotten the money changed, it would have necessitated our remaining over Sunday in Antwerp, where we had exhausted everything

of interest. We were becoming desperate, when good fortune smiled on us in the form of a pair of girlish black eyes.

I asked her if she spoke English. She shook her head.

“Parlez vous Français?” and, oh, joy, “Mais un peu,” she replied.

I made known our dilemma, and she very sweetly settled with the facteur for about half the amount he had demanded of me.

Who shall say there is not a free-masonry among women? There, in a strange country, with not a cent of that country's coinage in my pockets, knowing no word of its language, came to my assistance a woman of yet another country, speaking nor understanding no word of my mother-tongue, and, in yet another language, which we both spoke indifferently, I asked and she gave aid with that same grave politeness which marks the *no-blesse obligé* everywhere.

The next morning, dressed in our bravest, we had the concierge call the shiniest cab he could find, with the tallest-hatted cocher, and with the loveliest basket of roses that could

be procured, we drove in state to the address she had given us. We had a cordial greeting, but somehow I fancy she had been in doubt as to whether she would ever see those few francs again or not.

You may rest assured that we had sufficient money changed at Brussels, and that we found numerous ways in which to spend it. Next to Venice, the lace shops here are the finest in the world.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, FRANCE.

“On the sea” is good, but “in the water” would more adequately express the situation of this little French town. It is quiet and restful, and that is the thing-needed just now.

It is to be regretted that the big packet of letters, which awaited me here, full to overflowing with questions, could not have been received earlier. The twelve hours of unexpected waiting, caused by the delayed sailing of the ship, will give me, however, an opportunity to answer a limited number.

You will receive this, one of you at least,

before that happy day when I shall step foot upon my native land.

Does it pay to come abroad for a short time? It pays to come for a day. The ocean voyage pays for itself in itself. Nothing broadens one's life like touching the lives of others.

And now, before leaving, you ask me to sum up my foreign experiences. Your request reminds me of the old school-master who gave out, as the subject of a prize composition, *The World and its Inhabitants*. Joking aside, this has been the most delightful, and at the same time the most miserable, year of my life. *Comprenez vous?*

I am not unmindful of all the opportunities I have had to see God's beautiful world, nor do I fail to comprehend its broadening development.

I have endeavored to digest all I have been privileged to see, and I think little has escaped that has been in my line of vision.

Of all countries, I like England best. Yes, England! Dear, green, blossoming England!

Of all churches, St. Mark's in Venice. Of all cities, Paris and Florence. Of picturesque places, the lakes of Killarney and the lake of Lucerne. Of awesome grandeur in nature, the Giant's Causeway and on the heights of Switzerland. Of man's work in art and architecture combined, the Bargello, Fontainebleau, Versailles, and Raphael's Stanza and Logge in the Vatican. Of collected art in painting, that found in the galleries of Florence. Of collected art in sculpture, that found in Rome. Of the sublime in nature, the sunsets on the Mediterranean, the moonlight on the Arno, and the Alpine glow on the Rigi. Of quaintness and quiet loveliness, Holland, with its bridges and windmills. Of all people, the upper class of the Irish and English.

And the happiest moments spent among all this sublime array were those when reading my letters from the dear ones at home.

I have been treated with charming cordiality everywhere, and have met clever, cultured people, both foreign and American. I have, of course, seen and heard a few

Americans similar to those of whom Ruth spoke in her letter from Eastnor Castle, the sort whose bragging brings the blood to their countrymen's faces, but I am happy to tell you they have been few.

I should advise any one to come here with the full intention of enjoying everything, and not to criticise. If things are desired as they are in America, stay there. One comes to a foreign country to see things as they *are*, both antique, historic, and modern, and, most of all, to see the things which we have not. One is far happier to take things as they come and make the most of them.

Culture comes high, at the very easiest, and in no way can one absorb so much or so well as by comprehensive observation while traveling.

ON BOARD S. S. POTSDAM,
ENGLISH CHANNEL.

This will go back by the pilot.

Soon after the last letter was posted, a carte-postale, a letter, and a cablegram were handed me by the purser.



DECK S. S. POTSDAM

The first was from the young frère at Sant' Onofrio, who has become a valued friend. He apprises me of the falling of the beautiful Campanile at Venice. Quel dommage!

The letter was from South Africa. The doctor is en route home.

And the cable from Mrs. F. announces the death of her husband. This news I have been expecting for some days.

Her hurried notes to me have borne only her initials. The cablegram she signed, for the first time, with her full name—the same as my own.

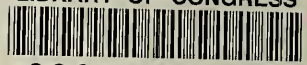
The spelling is identical.

Odd, is it not?

PRINTED BY R. R. DONNELLEY
AND SONS COMPANY, AT THE
LAKESIDE PRESS, CHICAGO, ILL.

APR 14 1965

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